POEMS IN THREE PARTS.

k

PART THE FIRST.

THE LATIN POETRY OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JONES, WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.

PART THE SECOND.

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICKS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY, 1799.

PART THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS WRITTEN IN THE EAST INDIES.

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PART THE FIRST.

THE LATIN POETRY

OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.

Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere fidus,
Interpres. HORACE.

Nor word for word too faithfully translate. ROSCOMMON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO LADY JONES.

MY LADY,

THE GENIUS of BRITISH INDIA bad me attempt a verſion of the following beautiful little Poems—I obey the ſacred mandate!

I often ſtand penſively at the tomb of the inſpired writer and ſoftly pronounce that name ſo dear to you, ſo ſacred in Aſia, and ſo exalted through the univerſe!

To your Ladyſhip alone this offering can be made with propriety. It is a juſtice I owe to the memory of him, who loved me when living and whom while my heart throbs I will ever lament!

I am,

Your Ladyſhip's faithful Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Calcutta May 1ſt, 1800.

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CARMINUM LIBER.

POEMS.

I. ODE SINICA ANTIQUISSIMA.

Citatur in Confucii libro qui dicitur Tà Hiô.

VIDES ut agros dulcè gemmatos lavet
Argenteus rivi latex;
Virides ut aura ſtridulo modulamine
Arundines interſtrepat!
Sic, ſic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
Minantur & rident ſimul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
Et quantus inceſſu decor!
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, Veris inſtar, ſeculum
Memoria floreſcet tui?

A VERY ANCIENT CHINESE ODE,

Quoted in the Tá Hiô of Confucius.

(A COPY OF WHICH IS PRESERVED IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.)

The following Ode has been tranſlated from the Chineſe language into the Latin, by Sir WILLIAM, *who informs us in his treatiſe on the 2d claſſical book of the Chineſe, that the Ode is taken from the 1ſt vol. of the* SHI KING. "*It is a panegyrick*" *ſays he* "*on* VUCAN, *Prince of* GUEY, *in the Province of* HONANG, *who died near a century old, 756 years before the birth of* CHRIST. *The Chineſe Poet might have been cotemporary with* HOMER *and* HESIOD, *or at leaſt, muſt have written the Ode before the* ILIAD *and* ODYSSEY *were carried into* GREECE *by* LYCURGUS."

SEE how the ſilvery river glides
And laves the fields beſpangled ſides!
Hear how the whiſpering breeze proceeds
Harmonious through the verdant reeds!
Obſerve our Prince thus lovely ſhine!
In him the meek ey'd Virtues join!
Juſt as a patient carver will
Hard ivory model by his ſkill,
So his example has impreſs'd,
Benevolence in every breaſt.
Nice hands to the rich gem, behold,
Impart the gloſs of burniſh'd gold:
Thus he in manners goodly great,
Refines the people of his State.
True Lenity how heavenly fair!
We ſee it, while it threatens, ſpare!
What beauties in its open face?
In its deportment—What a grace?
Obſerve our Prince thus lovely ſhine!
In him the meek ey'd Virtues join!
His memory of eternal prime,
Like Truth defies the power of Time!

II. ODE PERSICA.

A Poeta admirabili Hafez.

JAM roſa purpureum caput explicat. Adſit, amici,
Suavis voluptatum cohors:
Sic monuêre ſenes.
Nunc læti ſumus; at citiús læta avolat ætas,
Quin ſacra mutemus mero
Stragula nectareo?
Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,
Quam molli in amplexu tenens
Pocula læta bibam.
Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas:
Cur non canoros barbiti
Elicimus modulos?
En! florum regina nitet roſa. Fundite vini,
Quòd amoris extinguat facem,
Nectareos latices.
Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quî fiat ut umbrâ
Tectus roſarum nexili
(Veris avis) taceam?

II.—A PERSIAN ODE,

(*THE APPROACH OF SPRING*)

FROM THE CELEBRATED POET DEWAN HAFEZ.

NOW is the Seaſon, Roſes gay,
Light purple-tinctur'd blooms diſplay;
When Sires thus jovial youths invite,
To the fair gardens of delight.
" Time will your ſprightlineſs deſtroy,
" Then give the preſent hours to joy.
" Aſſemble all!—convivial join!
" The ſacred carpet * ſell for wine!
" And while you feel the fanning breeze,
" Which whiſpers through the waving trees,
" Pray that beſide you may be laid
" Some playful laughter loving maid.
" And to her health and charms divine,
" Quaff glaſſes of enlivening wine.
" Is Fortune cruel?—Then go ſuit,
" To querulous complaint, the lute;
" From the touch'd ſtrings make Muſic float,
" On air in ſoft melodious note.
" When firſt you ſee in fragrant bowers
" The Roſe—reſplendent Queen of flowers!
" Then let the goblets brimful ſhine,
" With bright nectareous racy wine!
" Wine can the tender pangs remove,
" And cauſe forgetfulneſs in love.
" The ſweetly warbling nightingale,
" With melody fills every dale.
" How can ſhe ceaſe, ſweet bird of Spring!
" Mid budding Roſes perch'd, to ſing?

* Upon which the Mahomedans proſtrate themſelves at the time of prayers.

III. ALTERA.

AFFER ſcyphos, & dulcé ridentis meri
Purpureos latices
Effunde largiùs, puer.
Nam vinum amores lenit adoleſcentium,
Difficileſque ſenum
Emollit ægritudines.
Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;
Nectareis foveat
Dic luna ſolem amplexibus.
Flammas nitentes ſparge: vini ſcilicet
Fervidioris aquam
Flammæ nitentis æmulam:
Quòd ſi roſarum fragilis avolat decor,
Sparge, puer, liquidas
Vini rubeſcentis roſas.

III. ANOTHER,

FROM THE SAME.

GO, Boy! and bring a copious bowl,
Whoſe ſides are purpled o'er
With liquor grateful to the ſoul,
Which plentifully pour.

Wine can th'impellent fires aſſuage,
Which pain in youth, yet pleaſe:
Wine can allay the griefs of age,
And even ſickneſs eaſe.

Wine emulates yon Sun of gold,
The goblet the Moon's face,
Which will the generous liquor hold,
In nectarine embrace. *

But let the ſhining fire once go,
Then luſtre-beaming wine,
An equal fervour can beſtow,
With equal brilliance ſhine.

When the fair ſeaſon of the Roſe,
(Too ſhort liv'd flower!) has fled,
No ſubſtitute we can propoſe,
Excepting liquid red.

* The poetic imagery of the Perſians appears very ſtrange to the European ear, it is literally thus.

The Sun and the Moon are the Wine and the Cup.
Bring the Sun in the centre of the Moon.

Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,
Pocula læta canant
Non elaboratum melos.
Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas;
Lætaque mœstitiam
Depellat informem chelys.
Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:
Da mihi dulce merum
Somnum quod alliciat levem.
Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,
Ut placidâ madidus
Oblivione perfruar.
Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
Seu vetitum fuerit,
Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

And if the nightingale deſerts,
The pathleſs woods awhile,
Full goblets can rejoice our hearts,
A Muſic without toil.

Fortune's harſh menaces deſpiſe,
And take the lute of joy;
Sorrow before ſweet Muſic flies.
Let it whole hours employ.

Since balmy Sleep can ſeal the eye,
That Power with wine allure,
In ſleep's extatic trances lie,
From painful thought ſecure.

'Tis pleaſant to be drunk with wine,
And placid madneſs know,
Then make more cups like rubies ſhine,
I'll in oblivion go.

Slave! bring another cup with ſpeed,
Then go another fill!
Or be it lawful or forbid,
Drink, O my friend! I will.

IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

In libro HAMASA *carmen eſt lætarum imaginum pleniſſimum, quod, quoniam ad Græcorum laudem videtur proximè accedere——*

——verti, vel potiùs imitatus ſum, verbis atque imaginibus ad noſtram conſuetudinem aptatis——

POES. ASIAT: COMMENT.

DULCI triſtitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
Multâ reclines in roſâ
Urgere blandis oſculis puellas;

IV. AN ARABIAN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN GILCHRIST, ESQ.

In the HAMASA* *collection there is an Ode replete with lively images, which as it is written with Attic elegance I have tranſlated or rather imitated, and adapted the poetic imagery for the Engliſh ear.*

[*This moſt charming Ode is alluſive to the manners of thoſe happieſt of ſhepherds, the* ARABIANS, *who, in the vernal months, by the moon light, in the clear ſky of their delightful climate, employ the ſerene hours of night near their balſamick groves of ſpicy fragrancy, in dancing, ſinging, reciting poetry, and every ſweet ſpecies of paſtoral amuſement which characterizes* ASIANS, *but more particularly the* ARABIANS. *Sir* WILLIAM *has inſcribed his Ode to a friend whom he names Fabullus. This verſion I inſcribe to that celebrated Oriental Philologer Mr.* GILCHRIST.]

WHILE, all ſerene, the lamp of night,
Affords a ſilvery trembling light,
Let us, where roſes bloom, recline,
And ſorrow drown in luſcious wine,
And while Love's warmth the ſoul pervades,
Steal kiſſes from bewitching maids.

* The moſt famous collection of ancient Arabic Poetry, is called HAMASA, and contains a number of Epigrams, Odes, and Elegies, compoſed on various occaſions: it was compiled by ABU TEMAN, who was an excellent Poet himſelf, and uſed to ſay, that *fine ſentiments delivered in proſe were like gems ſcattered at random,* BUT THAT WHEN THEY WERE CONFINED IN A POETICAL MEASURE THEY RESEMBLED BRACELETS AND STRINGS OF PEARLS,

Eſſay on the Poetry of the Eaſtern Nations.

Aut, dum prata levi pulſat pede delicata virgo
Comam renodans auream,
Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ:
Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo ſub antro
Ad ſuave zephyrorum melos
Rore advocati ſpargier ſoporis:
Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,
His, mite dum tempus favet,
Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
Quicunque aut rerum domini ſumus, aut graves coacti
Curas egeſtatis pati,
Debemur aſperæ, Fabulle, morti.

Should one ſuperior girl advance,
To tread the lawn in airy dance,
Who but muſt glow to ſee her bind,
Her flowing hair in knots behind ? †
While in the cooling grot, the lyre
Tun'd, and the fanning breeze conſpire
To lull to reſt—Say ſhall we ſteep
Our temples in the dews of ſleep ?
Sweet are the joys you yearly bring,
O genial renovating Spring !
To ſprightly youths—to damſels fair—
Be the gay Seaſon free from care,
And only merriment be ſeen,
While Nature ſeems to laugh in green !
For life is ſhort and ſceptred Kings,
The ſovereign Lords of earthly things,
As well as Slaves compell'd to bear,
A life of want and toil and care,
O GILCHRIST ! certainly will come,
To the inevitable Tomb !

† *Comam renodans auream.* I have tranſlated *flowing hair* as *golden hair* is an epithet inappropriate to Aſiatics. I recollect, when I was a very young ſtudent, to have read in the Grecian Poets commendations on the graceful knotted hair of women, and was then at a loſs to conceive, how hair could be gracefully *knotted*, but after my arrival in Aſia, I ſaw it was a truth. The hair appears not only becoming, but ſtrikingly beautiful, when knotted a little diſtance from the head, eſpecially the hair of the delicate Mogul women, and thoſe of that light complexion, which prevails amongſt the higher claſs of people in the city of Benares. I am convinced, ſuch of my countrymen think ſo, whoſe minds are ſuperior to prejudice, and whoſe eyes have been reconciled by time to the colour of ſymmetrical Eaſt Indians. Hair is the moſt beautiful female ornament, and in all ages and in all countries, women have uniformly paid to it a daily adoration, by cleanſing, ſcenting, and adorning it, ſome with perfumes, ribands and gems—others with fragrant oils and gaudy flowers, nor are ſavage nations inſenſible or inattentive to this part of female lovelineſs. Poets, whoſe piercing eyes have penetrated the beauties of Nature, avow, that the treſſes and flowing hair are as much the lodgement of the Graces, as the ſmiles and dimples of the face. The ſight of a damſel who robs herſelf of this beautiful ornament ſickens the ſoul of the Muſe—Avaunt ! ye damſels who have no treſſes for my trembling fingers to play in.

V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata ſororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges aurifera lavit,
Læli, ſi mea ſit dives opum domus?
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus inſolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiorem amat:
Muſa, utcunque puellæ
Pulſas Æoliæ fides.

V.—ODE TO LÆLIUS.

[LÆLIUS *was a friend of Sir* WILLIAM'S *who had been endeared to him in early youth. His preſenting a Cheſs board and Cheſs men to the ſiſters of his friend occaſioned the following original Ode.*]

IF in my country I acquire
That opulence which I deſire:
O LÆLIUS I'll prepare
Soft robes and gems from TAGUS' waves,
And thoſe gold-rolling GANGES laves,
To give your ſiſters fair.

Whene'er I touch thy ſilver ſtrings,
Sweet lyre! my art no muſic brings
To their nice judging ears;
More potent you their minds enrich,
With all the ſoothing power of ſpeech,
Improving while it cheers.

My Muſe your greater power admires,
Whene'er to ſtrike the SAPPHIC wires,
Soft impulſe makes you yield:
Then will I meditate to lay
Ivory brigades in war array,
And mark for Cheſs the field!

Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conſpiciendæ
Bella innoxia deſtinant;
Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,
Cornicum manus albis
Nigrans certat oloribus.
Cur non ſub viridi ludimus ilicis
Umbrâ ſuppoſiti? Dic veniat genis
Ridens Lydia pulchris,
Et ſaltare decens Chloë:
Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines,
Me teſtudineis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telum dulce Cupidinis.

Amuſement meet!—Lo ſhall ariſe
Battalions clad in different dies,
  Grim black, and ſhining white:
And Chiefs of mighty power ſhall here
Of fair and fable mien appear,
  To wage innoxious fight.

Like what the footy crows we're told,
Wag'd with the ſilver ſwans of old,
  And rais'd immortal jars:
To gain EUROTAS' cooling wave,
Or in the TIBER's ſhallows lave,
  They fought in ſportive wars.

And may not we delude the day,
With all the innocence of play,
  Beneath the verdant ſhade?
Tell me how LYDIA comes apace,
LYDIA ſprung from a beauteous race,
  A laughter-loving maid.

Or tell you CHLOE ſee advance,
To trip the green in ſportive dance,
  I'll be myſelf again;
And while I ſing the Queen of joy,
Or arrow of her blooming boy,
  Sport on ye virgin train!

VI. AD LUNAM.

CŒLI dulcè nitens decus,
Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:
Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,
Et labrum roſeo nectare ſuavius.
Non prædator ut improbus,
Per ſylvas propero, te duce, devias;
Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
Ultricem meditor figere cuſpidem,
Quem tu, mitis Amor, ſemel
Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
Illum deſeruit furor,
Et telum facili decidit è manu.
Nec, delicta per et nefas
Furtiva immeritus gaudia perſequor;
Blandâ victa Chloë prece
Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

VI.—ODE TO THE MOON.

[*Some lines to the Moon were written by an ingenious friend of Sir* WILLIAM'S *who was deſirous of ſeeing them in a Grecian dreſs. Sir* WILLIAM *complied with his friend's requeſt and has given a Greek verſion of them in his* LIMON *where they alſo appear in Latin, as annexed.*]

Slowly, ah ſlowly now be driven,
Your car of ſilver bright;
CYNTHIA, fair ornament of Heaven,
And regent of the night!

I beauteous MARY go to meet,
And fondly hope to ſip;
A nectar than the roſe more ſweet,
The nectar of her lip.

I do not as a robber tread,
Through glooms of pathleſs wood:
Nor by your beamy ſplendour led,
Seek I a rival's blood.

The fell aſſaſſin, gentle LOVE!
Cannot your power withſtand;
When you his ſoul to ſoftneſs move,
The knife drops from his hand.

But I purſue not ſtolen bliſs,
MARY will hear my tale;
And to beſtow a genial kiſs,
Throw off her purple veil.

VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
Herboſamque Amathunta, et viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æſculo,
Mœrentis Licinî ſollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad oſculum.

VII. ODE TO VENUS.

[*Sir* WILLIAM *under the aſſumed name of* LICINIUS, *the poetic maſter of* CICERO, *has written the two following beautiful Odes.*]

O, MOTHER of the God of Love,
Hear! may my prayers thy boſom move,
Thou who (ſprung from the azure main)
Dwell'ſt on IDALIA's ſhrubby plain!
In flowery AMATHUSIA ſeen!
In CNIDUS, clad in ſhining green!
Goddeſs! let PYRRHA's breaſt be fill'd,
With tenderneſs to make her yield;
She now is more inclement far,
Than TENAROS' dread beeches are,
For her I pour a plaintive ſtrain—
She ſcoffs—my muſic pours in vain!
She nor my tender flute attends,
Nor at my ſounding fiddle bends.
Relentleſs fair, whom nought can move
To give the trembling kiſs of Love.

(Quantum eſt et vacuis nectar in oſculis !)
Quod ſi carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, ſi (rigidum gelu
Te ſolvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conſpicuo marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathuſiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede ceſpitem,
Tum nigranti hederâ et tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos :
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis ;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Oſtendit digitis me, quia langueo
Demiſſis oculis, me, quia ſomnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine ſaucium
Monſtrant, et violâ pallidior gena.

(O Heaven and what extatic bliſs !
What nectar in a ſimple kiſs !)
Should ſhe grow milder—ſhould ſhe deign,
With tenderneſs to hear my ſtrain,
And ſhould'ſt thou fire her icy heart,
And equal warmth to me impart,
Then will I near a fountain raiſe,
A marble ſtatue to thy praiſe,
And at thy altar—ſacred earth !
Tread in an extacy of mirth.
Thy fame I'll then through PAPHOS ring,
And o'er all AMATHUSIA ſing !
Then will I circle round thy brows,
Ivy dark-green and laurel boughs.
Then will I call thy fane around,
Muſic's exhilirating ſound !
But now my youthful friends are fain
To raiſe their laughter at my pain,
And even the playful boys I meet,
Point at me in the public ſtreet,
Becauſe I walk with downcaſt eyes,
For ſlumber from my pillow flies.
" That youth" cry they, " who paſſes there,
" Languiſhes for a cruel fair."
When ſuch remarks mine ears aſſail,
I turn, like violets, deadly pale.

VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
Lætior audis,

Linque jucundam Cnidon, et coruſcum
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, et tecum properet ſoluto
Crine Thalia.

Jam venis! nubes placidi ſerenas
Paſſeres findunt; ſuper albicantes
Dum volant ſylvas, celereſque verſant
Leniter alas.

VIII. ANOTHER ODE TO VENUS.

IMITATED FROM THE CELEBRATED HYMN OF SAPPHO TO VENUS.

[*When ſuch a Maſter as our Author has imitated ſuch an exalted Poeteſs as* SAPPHO, *much may be expected in the following tranſlation. If the reader is diſappointed, let him recollect how difficult the taſk is to tranſfuſe into Engliſh the ſentiments of the melting Leſbian (a Lady whoſe ſoul was made up of Poetry and Love!) and them ſentiments refined by ſo chaſte, ſo univerſal and ſo polite a ſcholar as the immortal* WILLIAM JONES—*a man for erudition, eloquence, and purity of life, equal to the illuſtrious* CICERO!]

O ERYCINA, thou whoſe face
Deceives with ſuch beguiling grace!
O parent of the Smiles and Loves!
Supreme of PAPHOS' bliſsful groves!
Of joyous CYPRUS!—O appear
And graciouſly thy votary hear!

Leave CNIDUS—ſeat of ſoft delight!
Hither direct thy chariot bright!
Ah let thy preſence cheer my home!
Hither entreated—Hither come!
With thee will haſten THALIA fair!
THALIA with looſe unknotted hair!

Thou com'ſt—yon blue unruffled ſky,
Yields where thy gentle ſparrows fly,
And while on liquid air they move
Above the ſhining verdant grove,
Quick turning on their fluttering wings,
Their flight their charming miſtreſs brings.

Rurſus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ
Dulcè ſubridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido jacentis
Fundis in aurem.

" Quà tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,
" Lucidis venanti oculis amantes?
" Cur doces mœſtas reſonare lucum,
" Care, querelas?

" Dona ſi ridet tua, dona mittet;
" Sive te molli roſeos per hortos
" Hinnulo vitat levior, ſequetur
" Ipſa fugacem."

Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Forſit Adonis.

Diſmiſt by thee, their courſe is given
To thy divine abode in Heaven,
While thou, of peerleſs charms of face,
Laugh'ſt with a condeſcending grace—
While thus thy ſilver tongue affords
Melodious and conſoling words.

" LICINIUS! ſay why ſuch deſire?
" Why glow'ſt thou with empaſſion'd fire,
" When any ſprightly damſel tries
" For lovers, by her ſparkling eyes?
" Why tell in groves thy tender pain
" Until they echo back the ſtrain?

" If firſt thy preſents her offend,
" She afterward ſhall preſents ſend;
" If firſt ſhe flies, as o'er the lawn
" Flies the young timid ſportive fawn,
" The Maid in turn ſhall thee purſue,
" She afterward ſhall ſoftly woo."

O Power ador'd by every Fair!
O gentle Goddeſs hear my prayer!
Ah let a portion of thy fire
CORINNA's rigid breaſt inſpire!
Then may'ſt thou, Queen of ſovereign charms!
Melt in thy own ADONIS' arms!

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in solio jussit considere eburneo,
Cælato rutilanti auro, insertisque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroä loquelâ,
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis:

EXTRACT FROM THE HEROIC POEM OF THE PERSIAN POET FERDUSI.

[*The annexed Latin verſion, written with* VIRGILIAN *elegance, is from the* SHAH NAMA *of that celebrated Perſian Poet* ABUL CASSEM MUNSURIL FERDUSI. *The following remarks by Mr.* HAYLEY *will be a better introduction to it than any I can offer.* "*The Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry contain a very ſpirited Latin verſion of a paſſage from the Perſian Heroic Poem of* FERDUSI, *whom the poetical Commentator deſcribes as a rival of* HOMER—*Nullum eſt ab Europæis ſcriptum poema, quod ad* HOMERI *dignitatem et quaſi cæleſtem ardorem proprius accedat.—A large portion of* FERDUSI *has ſince appeared in an Engliſh dreſs,* * *but I fear without obtaining in England, either for the Perſian* HOMER *or the Engliſh Poet his tranſlator, the admiration due to original genius or the juſt recompence of elegant labour. Let me add, however, that* JONES'S *ſpecimen of the Perſian Epic Poetry attracted the notice, and obtained the praiſe of learned foreigners: it is inſerted by the Abate* TODERINI, *in his copious and entertaining Work, entitled Letteratura Turcheſca.*"]

AS ſoon as SAMUS, conquering Lord, return'd,
And ſaw the King in ſovereign pomp adorn'd,
Approaching where th' Imperial ſplendour ſhone,
He duteous bow'd to the refulgent throne.
Deſervedly the King in courtly ſtate
That Chief invited to his ivory ſeat,
With rubies ſet, ſo exquiſitely bright,
And gold emboſs'd, it blaz'd upon the ſight!
He then the General aſk'd in gracious words
Of his exploits and his aſſociate Lords:
Now in HYRCANIA what barbarians dwell?
Now what new conqueſts PERSIA'S glories ſwell?

* A tranſlation was publiſhed in Calcutta, by Joſeph Champion, Eſq.

Cui dux hæc memori parens eſt voce locutus.
Venimus ad caſtra hoſtilis, rex maxime, gentis;
Gens eſt dura, ferox; non aſpera ſævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non ſylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cum ſubito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, et non lætabile murmur:
Ilicet æratâ fulgentes caſſide turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vaſtos fuſa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depreſſa valle ſedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius ſol.
Quale in arenoſo nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congeſtaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter ſtridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna ſuſurros;
Tales profiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut vernans excelſo in monte cupreſſus.
At Perſarum artûs gelidâ formidine ſolvi
Arguit et tremor, et laxato in corpore pallor:

To whom in language meet, the patriot man,
Thus in return, his narrative began :
" O mighty King, when firſt the foe we view'd,
" We ſaw a people vigorous and rude.
" Not lions who in lonely foreſts ſtray,
" Not prowling tygers are ſo fierce as they :
" And nothing can their power of flight exceed,
" Not even of ARABY, the generous ſteed.
" Of our approach when firſt the rumour ſpread,
" Their State was ſeiz'd with univerſal dread ;
" In every houſe and tower diſmay appear'd,
" And only lamentable groans were heard !
" At length their bands in martial order paſs,
" Their helmets ſhining with reſplendent braſs !
" Part in a vale, part on a mount were ſeen,
" And part were ſtretch'd along th' extenſive green,
" With dreadful ſpears !—The duſt that o'er them came
" Obſcur'd the glories of the ſolar beam !
" So ſeem black ants when ſtudiouſly they fill,
" With ſtores of gather'd corn the ſandy hill ;
" Or as a multitude of gnats appear
" With reſtleſs buzzing, grating to the ear,
" So burſt they forward ! CERCIUS led them on,
" Grandſon of SALMUS, he the foremoſt ſhone ;
" Upon the mountain height the cypreſs tree
" Or lofty pine not taller was than he !
" My Perſians trembled as he came apace,
" A ſudden paleneſs ſpread o'er every face!

Hoc vidi, et valido torquens haſtile lacerto
Per medias juſſi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;
Irruit alatus ſonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque ſenſit habenam:
Militibus vires redière, et priſtina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cúm ſurgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;
Sic terra innumeris agitata eſt illa catervis:
Cum ſtrepitum audierit noſtrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas et ferrea ſcuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vaſta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli enſe petebat,
Captivumque arcto volujt conſtringere nodo:
Fruſtra; nam, lunans habilem nec ſegniter arcum,
Populeas miſi duro mucrone ſagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti:
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, noſque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidaſve catenas:
Ut veró acceſſit violenti turbinis inſtar,
Pulſus ut et clypeus clypeo eſt, et caſſide caſſis

" This I obſerv'd and brandiſhing my lance,
" Heading my men, commanded their advance!
" My Horſe flew forward, ſenſeleſs of the reins,
" Like a wild Elephant on ÆTHIOP's plains!
" 'Twas then returning ardour fir'd each ſoul!
" 'Twas then my troops ruſh'd on to Glory's goal!
" As ſeems the riſing and the falling NILE,
" (Which makes the parſimonious farmer ſmile,
" Whene'er the ground the fat manure receives,
" As the flood rolls in undulating waves)
" So ſeem'd the cover'd far extended plain!
" That moving army ſeem'd a floating main!
" The noiſe in motion of our clattering arms,
" The wary ears of CERCIUS ſoon alarms!
" With clamour great he took a circling courſe,
" Seeming toward me alone to turn his horſe:
" He hop'd to load me with a captive chain,
" Or in my gore his flaming ſabre ſtain:
" Fruitleſs attempt!—my bow I aiming bent,
" And many a life deſtroying arrow ſent;
" Like fire I ſaw my miſſile weapons fly,
" Or like the lambent lightning in the ſky!
" Approaching, he of our delay complains,
" Menacing death or more ignoble chains,
" But like a boiſterous whirlwind when we clos'd,
" Shield was to ſhield and helm to helm oppos'd! *

* In the Thebais of Statius there is a beautiful paſſage ſimilar to this.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, et cuſpide cuſpis.

Illum inſurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua diſcolor ilia cinxit
Balteus, et rutilis ſubnexa eſt fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine br achia verſans
E ſtratis evulſi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, et rabido frendens campum ore momordit;
Pectora cui nivea, et ferratâ cuſpide coſtas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit ſanguis in herbam
Purpureus, triſtiſque elapſa eſt vita ſub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hoſtes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per et colles; noſtris victoria turmis
Affulſit, cæſoſque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, ſceptro,
Qui premis imperio ſtellas, parere recuſent!
Dixit; et heroas Perſarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas
Inſtaurari epulas, et pocula dulcia poni:
Conventum eſt, textoque ſuper diſcumbitur auro.

" Juſt as he roſe to make a deadly blow,
" I nimbly charg'd on the gigantic foe,
" With ſkill ſuperior gave a powerful wound,
" Where ſtuds of pearl his glittering ſwordbelt bound,
" And then exerting my collected force,
" I tore the Chieftan from his foaming horſe!
" (Proſtrate he falls— his ponderous arms reſound,
" While he with madneſs raging bites the ground)
" Then in his ſnowy breaſt my ſword transfix'd,
" The flowing crimſon with the herbage mix'd,
" I ſaw the laſt expiring gaſp he made,
" Gliding, unhappy, to the ſombre ſhade!
" Their General ſlain, the foe without delay,
" Took flight—nor rocks nor hills impede their way,
" Joy for our Conqueſt through all PERSIA runs,
" While ſad HYRCANIA mourns her ſlaughter'd ſons!
" O beſt of kings! whoſe power is firmly laid,
" Who touch'ſt the ſtars with thy exalted head,
" Thus ſhall they fall who dare to diſobey
" Thy ſovereign mandate and imperial ſway!"
He ſpoke—the King the Chiefs with praiſes loads,
Which rais'd their fame to the divine abodes,
Next he directs the nicest viands dreſs'd,
And luscious wine as a triumphal feaſt:
Th' aſſembly gather'd, pompous to behold!
On carpets glittering with reſplendent gold.

EBNO'L FAREDHI ELEGIA ARABICA METRO OVIDIANO, LATINE REDDITA.

Inter poetas recentiores facilè omnibus præstat Ebno'l Faredh, cujus elegans volumen in Academiæ bibliothecâ vidimus: unam hujusce scriptoris elegiam, quæ imagines Arabum campestrium luculentè demonstret, libet ——subjungere.

Hoc poema versibus elegiacis reddere conati sumus, vel potiùs imitari, aliis sententiis paullulùm mutatis, aliis omninò rejectis, ita tamen ut elegiæ Arabicæ forma atque argumentum satis accuratè serventur.

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT.

FULGUR an é densâ vibratum nube coruscat?
An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?
Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,
Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quam juvat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs
Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?

AN ARABIAN ELEGY FROM EBNO'L FAREDH.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN AFTER THE MANNER OF OVID.

EBNO'L FAREDH, *whoſe elegant work is preſerved in the Library at* OXFORD, *is certainly ſuperior to all modern Poets. One Elegy by this writer, which plainly ſhews the paſtoral life of the* ARABIANS, *is here annexed.*

We have endeavoured to tranſlate this Poem into Elegiac verſe, or rather to imitate it, with ſome ſentiments a little varied and others totally rejected. Nevertheleſs, it is here preſented in ſuch a manner as to diſplay with ſufficient exactneſs both the ſubject and nature of the ARABIAN *Elegy.*

[*It requires indeed a variation from the original Arabian to adapt the wild and fanciful imagery of this Elegy to the European ear.*]

DOES lightening vibrate in th' ætherial ſpace?
Or is unveil'd young LEILA's beauteous face?
Does fire in yonder GADHA * arbours flame?
Or is it SOLIMA's bright eyes that beam?
Do ſcents on air from MECCA's violets move?
Or fragrancies from HAGAR's ſpikenard grove?
Or is it AZZA comes—a lovely fair—
Diffuſing odours from her floating hair?
How pleaſing is the retroſpective view,
When Fancy images paſt days anew,
While I, an exile, ſtray through foreign fields,
And penſive, know the joys which memory yields?

* A ſpecies of *Eſl* or *Tamariſk*, uſed as fire-wood by the Arabians

Valle ſub umbroſâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
Num colit aſſuetos mollis amica lares ?
Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
Montibus, effuſæ quos rigat imber aquæ ?
An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, ſitim ?
Quot mea felices vidiſtis gaudia, campi,
Gaudia væ ! miſero non renovanda mihi ?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut paſcua Tudæ
Paſtor amatorum ſpeſque metuſque canit ?
Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
" Heu ! quid Cademeo in monte ſodalis agit ?"
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti ?
Num viret in ſolitis lotos amata locis ?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ ?
Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems !
An mea Alegiades, dulciſſima turba, puellæ
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt ?
An viridem ſaliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves ?

Still does the charmer in that valley keep,
Where her deſpairing ſwain was wont to weep?

Now does loud thunder through the mountains roar?
And look they greener from the ſprinkling ſhower?

Ah! when, as formerly, at dawning day,
Shall AZIB's limpid ſtream my thirſt allay?

Sweet plains which ſaw what bliſs I could attain!
Ah! ſhall I ever know ſuch bliſs again?

What youths now ſing the hopes and fears of love,
At TUDA's paſture ground and NAGED's grove?

Who now in SALA's cooling ſhades reclin'd,
Me in this dreary mountain calls to mind?

How ſhall I know are ſtill the myrtles green?
Is in its uſual place the lotos ſeen?
Spring yet the tamariſks on the ſunny hill?
Do theſe unlucky eyes or winter kill?

Are ſtill the ſweet ALEGIAN damſels kind?
Or are my vows committed to the wind?

Do now the wanton deer and ſkipping fawns,
Their hunter abſent, ſcamper through the lawns?

Viſamne umbriferos, loca dilectiſſima, ſaltus,
Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis abſentibus, Amri,
Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
Forſan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
Abſentis Solimæ commeminiſſe juvat.
Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum ſpirabit cœtus amores,
Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

Shall I behold the charming ſhades again,
Where gay NOAMA* leads the airy train?

Does now o'er DAREG's banks th' arbutus ſpread?
Spot often moiſten'd by the tears I ſhed!

In AMRUS' grot, who ſince my abſence, dwell?
Grot to the ſhepherdeſſes known ſo well!

Perhaps they who to MECCA's vale return,
Have thought of SOLIMA with ſoft concern!

May the time come, in which the happy night,
Shall to the whole aſſembly give delight,
In which the youths ſhall tender vows impart,
While ſoothing Muſic cheers each happy heart.

* Arabian writers inform us that *Noama* was the name of one of the daughters of *Cain*.

FABULA PERSICA.

Pulcherrimam fabellam Perſicam De Modeſtiæ laudibus citat Chardinus— —ſed legi eam nuperrimè in Sadii opere perfectiſſimo, quod Buſtan ſeu Hortus inſcribitur—*

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT:

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Perſidis,
E nube in æquor lapſa pluviæ guttula eſt;
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui ſineret pudor,
" Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei miſella ſum?
" Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam ſentio?"
Cùm ſe verecundanti animulâ ſperneret,
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in ſinu;
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta eſt unio;
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
Sibi non placere quanta ſit virtus, docens.

* Vide Chardin. Itin. Pers. vol. iii P. 189, 4to Amſt.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

CHARDIN *quotes a very beautiful Perſian Fable in praiſe of Modeſty, but I have lately read the ſame in that moſt elegant work of* SADI's *which is called* BUSTAN, *or* THE GARDEN.

ONCE when the clouds diſtill'd refreſhing rains
On fair IRANIA's ſoft luxuriant plains,
A wafted drop was in the Ocean laid,
When ſhame permitted, thus the ſtranger ſaid—
" What place is this?—How direful was my doom,
" A Wretch!—A Nothing!—in the Sea to come!"
While the ſelf-ſcorner thus her ſorrow tells,
An Oyſter claſp'd her in his gliſtening ſhells.
By Time matur'd to pearl—Behold her now
Shine in the diadem on KHOSROU's brow!
Hence learn this moral—Virtue heavenly fair,
Feeling calamity, ſhould not deſpair.

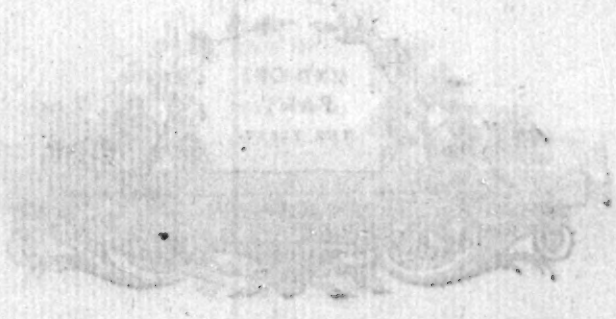
AD MUSAM.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingenî,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
Linquenda alumno eſt laurus et chelys tuo:
At tu dearum dulcium dulciſſima,
Seu Suada mavis ſive Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
Mihi ſit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indiſerta lingua, nec turpis manus.

END OF
PART
THE FIRST.

SIR WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

FAREWELL, O Muſe! ſweet former of the mind!
Parent of Eloquence and thought refin'd!
Your pupil now deſerts his lov'd purſuit,
Nor wears the laurel more, nor ſtrikes the lute!
Supreme of the ſweet denizens in Heaven!
Whether it be to your fond votary given,
To gain applauſe by fair Perſuaſion's ſpeech,
Or ſhould ſtrong Eloquence his words enrich,
Receiv'd in youth by you, he lives in you,
Beneath whoſe auſpices the ſtripling grew.
Hence aiming at profeſſional renown,
Let him with decency aſſume the Gown,
Appropriate language give him to command,
And ſpirit firm without a venal hand.



PART THE SECOND.

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICKS

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS

OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

Permit theſe lines by YOU to live—nor blame
A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame,
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by YOU I propheſy my rhymes,
The praiſe of Virgins in ſucceeding times:
Mix'd with YOUR works their life no bounds ſhall know,
But ſtand protected as inſpir'd by YOU. TICKELL.

THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

PART THE SECOND.

TO SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

MAY I be permitted to have the honour of preſenting to you the following Literary Characteriſticks of Men who have ſpent a large portion of their lives in exploring the Learning of Aſia?

You, SIR, raiſed to an eminent ſituation by your eloquence and abilities can juſtly judge how I have accompliſhed what I have undertaken.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Calcutta, May 10th, 1800.

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LITERARY CHARACTERISTICKS

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS

OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore
The myſtic mines of ASIATIC LORE,
With ſmiles benign accompliſh'd JONES addreſs'd,
And bid him trace the records of the Eaſt.

He came—the heavenly GOPIA round him flew,
His preſence every ſon of LEARNING drew:
Then firſt, (1) YE SCHOLARS! met at his command,
The Father of the literary band!
He came—his preſence caſt a blaze more bright,
Than emanations from the ſolar light!
For every Art and every Science known,
Were all concentred in himſelf alone!
But ſee, too ſoon! his ſoul of meekneſs move,
To mix with Seraphs in the realms above!
Whene'er with cenſers by his ſacred ſhrine,
At roſy dawn I penſively recline,

(1) On January the 15th, 1784, the Aſiatic Society was inſtituted.

Where the tall column towering to the ſkies,
Says "HERE THE SAGE ONCE ANIMATED LIES,"
I think the Zephyrs, murmuring as they blow,
Cry "WHAT A STORE OF LEARNING SLEEPS BELOW."
The world admires the wonderous talents given,
To this diſtinguiſh'd favourite of Heaven;
For him in EARTHAM's academic bowers,
Poetic ſorrow tuneful HAYLEY pours;
And manly MAURICE makes the tidings flow,
THAMES! to thy Nymphs in elegies of wo!
GANGA, for him, with drooping head appears,
For him ev'n holy PUNDITS (2) ſhed their tears!
CRISHNA for him wail'd MATRA's groves among,
And his romantic grot with cypreſs hung;
Alive!—we prais'd the path ſublime he trod;—
Dead!—LEARNING HAILS HIM AS HER DEMI-GOD!

To BURROW gone, be everlaſting fame,
With ARCHIMEDES, Muſe! arrange his name;
He near the SYRACUSAN ſhall be ſeen,
Except great NEWTON's ſelf may ſtep between.

FLORA and her attendant handmaids mourn
Still o'er lamented KŒNIG's early urn! (3)

On you, O! RICHARDSON, the Muſe beſtows
(It grew near HAFIZ' tomb) a SHIRAUZ roſe.
As much you merit (for your well ſpent hours,)
Of fragrant ARABY the balmy flowers; (4)

(2) See the Aſiatic Reſearches, vol. 4th, page 183.

(3) Dr. Kœnig was a diſciple of the great Linnæus. He died ſhortly after the inſtitution of the Society, in conſequence of the Hill Fever, caught when he was in purſuit of Botanical Reſearches on the Coaſt of Coromandel.

(4) The late Sir John Richardſon, author of the Perſian Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.

Though in the grave your lifeleſs body's laid,
Poetic honours at your ſhrine be paid.

Where are they with congenial talents born,
That ERUDITION's ſplendid liſt adorn?
The brilliant train the name of SHORE might boaſt,
Were not the Scholar in the Stateſman loſt.

Now warriours burn, (5) each man of letters warms,
And all the ARTS ſhall proſper like our ARMS,
Beneath the auſpice of a Chief refin'd,
Of ſteady judgement and enlighten'd mind.
O! MORNINGTON, may you again rehearſe,
To liſtening INDIA more VIRGILIAN verſe; (6)
You who in learning claſſical excel,
Will patroniſe the ARTS you love ſo well.
They in return will ſummon every power,
To crown the man and dignify him more.
To canvas PAINTING will your ſemblance give,
While'er a MUSE is lov'd your praiſe will live,
Fair HISTORY's pen ſhall faithfully diſplay,
Th' unequall'd glory of your proſperous sway!

FLEMING! (7) acknowledg'd Scholar, tell us why
Are your remarks hid from the public eye?
What in your life of ſcience gain'd, impart
With ſuch compliance as you favour Art:

(5) This poem was written nearly about the period of the conqueſt of Myſore.

(6) See his Lordſhip's elegant Latin Poem on the threatened Invaſion, with a Verſion of it in one of my former Publications; alſo his Ode to the Oak, (tranſlated by Dr. Hunter) which ſhews from his early youth a noble ſpirit of patriotic pride.

(7) Dr. John Fleming, 1ſt Vice Preſident of the Aſiatic Society.

Come let your Modeſty be now ſubdu'd,
And mental treaſures ope for general good.

Come HARINGTON (8) and bring with you the LOVES
That gently ſport in PERSIA's ſcented groves;
Soft ſongs to ſoul-alluring girls impart,
And trill with melting extacy my heart.
The pomp of thought in modern mode rehearſe,
Of EASTERN bards (9) and give us all their verſe,
Whoſe pregnant fancy ſhines more pleaſing far,
Than the mild luſtre of yon morning ſtar!
The BRITISH FAIR ſhall then your praiſe proclaim,
And with ſoft gratitude pronounce your name;—
By them a pleaſing meed ſhall be prefer'd,
The beauteous NOOREE—FANCY's favourite bird!
CHAMPAC, (10) with intermingled ROSES plac'd—
Harmonious OVID of the GENIAL EAST!

Come forward ye, whom roſy FLORA loves,
Whoſe labours all that blooming Queen approves:
See ROXBURGH firſt the high aſſembly grace,
To him juſt judgement gives a prior place.
ROXBURGH! for you the long hair'd GOPIA ſpread,
IND's odorous NARD (11) to deck your honour'd head.
Go, favour'd man, the blue-ey'd Goddeſs greet,
Go, lay JONESIA (12) ſprigs before her feet!
At her command bright BUTEA (13) buds unfold,
Whoſe vivid pigment vies with burniſh'd gold,

(8) Mr. John Herbert Harington, 2d Vice Preſident of the Aſiatic Society.
(9) His elegantly tender Tranſlations are in the Aſiatic Miſcellany.
(10) Michelia Champaca.
(11) Valeriana Jatamanſi.—See A. R. vol. 4th, page 433.
(12) The Ruſſuk of the Bengaleſe.—See A. R. vol. the 4th, page 355.
(13) Butea Superba. The Tiga Maduga of the Gentoos. See A. R. v. the 3d, page 469.

Go, ſtudiouſly explore the flowery fields,
And taſte the bliſs the pleaſing ſtudy yields!

In zealous ANDERSON (14) we ſee conjoin'd,
To ſkill profound, a perſevering mind.
SON OF THE SWEDE! The POWERS of VERSE preſent,
To you all luſcious fruit of fragrant ſcent,
Or aught in Nature pleaſing to your ſight,
Say will ALPHONSO MANGOES give delight?
On you the gaudy garden Nymphs have ſmil'd,
And FLORA ranks you as a darling child.

Next comes a votary of equal powers,
Adorn'd with D'HAWRY and MORINDA flowers! (15)
FLORA emits on him her musky breath,
And bids MALAVIAN ſhepherds twine his wreath!
But not the garden only claims his care,
Each Muſe for HUNTER myrtle ſprigs prepare,
He pleaſes when he treads their laurel bower, (16)
Or when we join him in the inſtructive Tour. (17)
Behold him Learning's every path purſue,
He ſhew'd the force of the Mechanic's Screw: (18)
Explain'd by him, we ſee its power increas'd,
It makes elaſtic bodies more compreſs'd.

(14) Dr. James Anderſon, of Madras.

(15) The Aal of Malwâ, where it is cultivated to a great extent—the Atchy of Oude—See A. R. vol. 4th, pages 35 and 42.—D'hawry is a ſhrub, which grows wild in the hills and on the banks of Rivulets,—the flowers are of a beautiful red colour. (Griſlea Tomentoſa, ROXB.)

(16) See his very tender and affecting Poem of "The Spaniſh Huſband."

(17) Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Oujein, in the 6th vol. of the A. R.

(18) His Eſſay "On a new Method of applying the Screw" was preſented to the Royal Society of London, by Lieutenant General Melville, in the year 1780, and publiſhed in the 71ſt volume of the Philoſophical Tranſactions.—There is an abſtract from it in the Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. the 10th, part the 2d, page 742.

Labour's rough ſons may now with manual eaſe,
A mighty maſs of ponderous matter raiſe,
Which in a dark unletter'd age would foil
The common impetus of human toil.
Th' ingenious man in this refin'd purſuit
The nice Micrometer made more minute,
The index turn'd to cauſe its fall or riſe
Will take the ſmalleſt meaſurement preciſe.
His hours are now (19) to heighten COMMERCE given,
And now (20) to trace th' expanſe of ſtarry Heaven!

HARDWICKE! to you we give a double crown,
Who made the little MELOE (21) our own,
Who boldly dar'd adventurouſly to go,
And cut the BOORANSS (22) from the mountain brow.
The renovating Queen allows your fame,
And bids LINNÆUS chronicle each name.

So GREAT YOUR HONOURS! men of kindred powers,
Who know the gaudy progeny of flowers!

Peculiar favours be to FRANKLIN paid,
Ye SHIRAUZ girls fix chaplets round his head; (23)
And maids of DELHI, cull to deck his brow,
The ſweeteſt ſprigs in SHALIMAR that grow!

(19) See his account of Pegu, chap. the 8th.

(20) Alluding to the three papers of Aſtronomical Obſervations, in the A. R. and one on the Aſtronomical labours of Jayaſingha.

(21) By this diſcovery (ſays Dr. Munro) Captain Hardwicke has certainly made a moſt uſeful addition to our Aſiatic Materia Medica.—The Meloë Cichorei, deſcribed by Captain H. is found in Bengal, Bahar and Oriſſa, and poſſeſſes all the bliſtering qualities of the Cantharides.—See A. R. vol. the 5th, page 231.

(22) A large and beautiful tree diſcovered by this gentleman, in the mountains near Sirinagur.

(23) This gentleman has publiſhed a pleaſing account of his Tour to Perſia.

HISTORY, all ſeeing, palm crown'd Queen, commands,
This mark of Merit at your tender hands.
His faithful pen records the painful ſtrife
Of MODERN PRIAM'S (24) variegated life.
Unhappy Monarch! pre-ordain'd to feel
The dire extremities of human ill.
I read—and iſſue ſympathizing ſighs—
Compaſſion's pearls float trembling in mine eyes;
Imperial miſeries our hearts impreſs
As much as BEAUTY in extreme diſtreſs;
A ſight which makes the finer paſſions roll,
Which, while a man can feel, muſt touch his ſoul.
Succeſſive ills conſpir'd to overwhelm,
This hoary remnant of his plunder'd realm,
Who, when he pays th' inevitable debt,
THE SUN OF TIMUR ſhall for ever ſet.

Merit's gold medal is to GLADWIN due.
Who gave imperial ACKBAR to our view,
His prudent laws—his ſentiments on things—
This living portrait of THE FIRST OF KINGS. (25)

(24) Captain Franklin has lately obliged the world, with an account of the life of the preſent Emperor, Shah Allum, whom I have ſtyled the modern Priam. I thought, when I wrote the following lines, that there was a ſimilitude in the deſtiny of the Trojan and Mogul Monarch.

Where DELHI ſmiles on JUMNA'S holy flood,
SHAH ALLUM reigns—a ſecond Priam he—
His counterpart in kingly miſery!
Both broke with ſorrows—bow'd with weight of years—
Both truly venerable with ſilver hairs—
Both doom'd alike—ſo heaven's ſevere decree,
Their kingdom's fall and children's end to ſee.

(25) The Ayeen Ackbery, tranſlated by Mr. Francis Gladwin. His name (ſays Colonel Dow) lives and will ever live the glory of the Houſe of TIMUR, and an example of renown to the Kings of the world.

PERSIA! thy lore was early GLADWIN's care,
The GRACES ſaw—and bad him PERSEVERE. (26)

GILCHRIST with Odes conveying tender truth,
Smoothes the rough path of Science for our youth;
INDIA to him ſuch commendation owes,
As on her JOHNSON, ENGLAND now beſtows,
While he in ASIAN Learning dives ſo deep,
Ye Scribblers o'er your *Mooriſh Jargon* ſleep,
Long ſince your treatiſes neglected lie,
And ere yourſelves are dead, your *grammars* die; (27)
Unlike thoſe works of univerſal praiſe,
Which more that emulate meridian rays,
Stamp'd with the ſignet of immortal fame;
Such bear a GILCHRIST's or KIRKPATRICK's name;
Or ſuch fair Tomes as SCIENCE now demands,
From BLAQUIERE's one, and one from FORSTER's hands.
Poetic eyes with pleaſure can ſurvey,
Of the PURE HINDEE tongue the riſing day!
The youths aſſembled!—THE LYCEUM FRAM'D!—(28)
And to preſide o'er theſe a GILCHRIST nam'd!

(26) Mr. Gladwin projected the Aſiatic Miſcellany, in which many elegant little productions are preſerved from the fate attendant on fugitive publications.—He ſtill continues his plan on a ſmaller ſcale, under the title of the Oriental Miſcellany. The firſt volume of which has been lately publiſhed.

(27) I here allude to Hadley and Ferguſſon.

(28) The good—the perſevering GLADWIN, thus concludes the Preface to the late edition of his Perſian Moonſhee, "With theſe improvements I preſume to hope, that the book may be uſed with advantage in the Oriental Seminary, lately eſtabliſhed by Government at this Preſidency, under the ſuperintendance of Mr. GILCHRIST, ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed by his laborious and uſeful publications on the Hindooſtany language."

"The great encouragement which Oriental Literature now experiences under the auſpices of the Earl of MORNINGTON, by exciting a general ſpirit of emulation, cannot fail of effecting its rapid advancement; and we may reaſonably promiſe ourſelves, that the influence of his Lordſhip's patronage, will form an illuſtrious epoch in the Hiſtory of Learning in this Country, like what the MEDICI accompliſhed in Italy through their Munificence, Erudition and Taſte."

Patron of ASIA's long neglected lore,
Like the fam'd MEDICI in days of yore,
O MORNINGTON! yourſelf of ARTS the grace,
Encourage LEARNING with a fond embrace,
Cheriſh her toilſome ſons—a drooping train!
And call the days of LEO o'er again!
Go, be his favour, GILCHRIST! your reward—
Enjoy the honours which you earn'd ſo hard,
Or when you por'd in Study's orient bowers,
Or fix'd the pauſes of the fleeting HOURS. (29)

He who endeavours well deſerves applauſe,
More, if he labours in the public cauſe;
BALFOUR! obſerver nice, then come receive,
The juſt encomiums, which the MUSES give.
Early you learn'd and op'd the precious ſtore,
Of knowledge chronicled in PERSIAN lore. (30)
Whenever Fever in his baneful chace,
Shall dull the bloom on BEAUTY's lovely face,
Be yours the bliſs,—O ſcientific ſage!
To check the progreſs of his ſavage rage—
To ſooth the Fair—alleviate her pain—
And bring her ſmiles and dimples back again.
Pleaſure refin'd the feeling man muſt know
Who eaſes mortals on the bed of woe.

(29) Alluding to his paper on Horometry in the 5th vol. of the A. R. to which is affixed an Hindooſtanee Horal Diagram.

(30) Dr. Francis Balfour was one of the firſt in this country, who endeavoured to facilitate the ſtudy of the Perſian language, by the publication of the Inſha--y--Herkern, with an Engliſh tranſlation.—He is alſo the author of a paper in the A. R. on the introduction of Arabic into Perſian, and has laboured in the improvement of his own profeſſion by ſeveral treatiſes, wherein he illuſtrates the influence of the Moon in Fevers,

Hear Scott in modeſt words the power impart,
Of Nitric Acid in the healing art.
Ye giddy youths, who ſpend nocturnal hours,
In ſenſual pleaſure's faſcinating bowers,
Whoſe limbs enfeebled, ſcarcely can ſuſtain
Your bodies, half conſum'd with rooted pain,
Hear Scott a milder remedy proclaim, (31)
Than that ſtrong metal (32) which impairs the frame!
Rejoice, ye youths who tread in folly's round;
Ye men of riot, hear the ſilver ſound!
The Nitric Acid will your ſtrength reſtore,
And kill *that* ſubtile poiſon's direful power.

But deep learn'd men—ye ſage Phyſicians ſay,
What can the Aſthma's ſmothering pain allay?
Say, what can eaſe me by its might oppreſs'd,
This ſlow conſuming tyrant of my breaſt?
Whene'er yon golden Sun ſhall next embrace,
The Heavenly Lion in his annual race,
And watery monſoons cover every plain,
With copious torrents of deſcending rain,
Faint and afflicted then, in torture dire,
I'll catch for breath and ſcarcely ſhall reſpire.
But ſhou'd a peeping Sun one hour make fair,
I'll pant and labour then in ſteamy air.
Ye Sages ſay, when I thoſe pangs endure,
What from the Mines or from the Fields can cure?

(31) Dr. Helenus Scott's paper on the uſe of the Nitric Acid, with an account of the ſucceſs attendant on it, is to be found in the 2d vol. of Dr. Beddoes's Collection of Medical Caſes, and Obſervations on Factitious Air, publiſhed at Briſtol in the year 1796.

(32) Mercury.

WILFORD! to you be moſt exalted praiſe,
You great Mythologiſt of modern days! (33)
To public view the truth your labour brings,
And clears th' obſcure from antiquated things.
In vain has ſcythe-arm'd Time conſign'd to duſt,
The letter'd ſtone and imitative buſt:
Your piercing eyes with nice exactness pore,
Each venerable record o'er and o'er;
Whether your write of myſtic SAMOTHRACE,
Or at the urns of NILE Papyrus place.

MARSDEN! your work the tedious beguiles,
Which ſpeaks SUMATRA Queen of SUNDA Iſles!
A work which pleaſure exquiſite affords,
Wrote with ſuch ready energy of words!
How can SUMATRA's Nymphs your brows adorn?
What their Hiſtorian give in juſt return?
Will dark green TANJONG give to him delight?
Or SANDAL MALLAM— Harlot of the Night? (34)
Or may they MANGUSTEEN, of grateful ſcent,
Or their own favourite DOOREAN preſent?
Or in ſoft whiſpers may he be addreſs'd,
By girls who liſp th' Italian of the Eaſt? (35)
Go, ye Brunettes, if children of the LOVES,
Beſtow him from CANANGO ſcented groves,

(33) See the 1ſt, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th volumes of the A. R. for the labours of this great Mythologist.

(34) So called from the circumſtance of its blowing only at that time.

(35) "The Malay language has been celebrated, and juſtly, for the ſmoothneſs and ſweetneſs of its ſound, which have gained it the appellation of the Italian of the Eaſt. This is owing to the prevalence of vowels and liquids in the words, and the infrequency of any harſh combination of mute conſonants.—Theſe qualities render it well adapted to Poetry, which the Malays are paſſionately addicted to."
See Marsden's Hiſtory of Sumatra.

Your far fam'd ARGOS pheaſant—firſt in place
For beauteous plumes, of all the feathery race.
Then ſhall your MARSDEN reaſume the pen,
And charm us with expreſſion's flow again,
In ſtudy's bower, the poliſh'd work extend,
And bring his ſplendid volumes to an end. (36)

See patient WILKINS to the world unfold,
Whate'er diſcover'd SANSCRIT relicks hold; (37)
But he perform'd a yet more noble part,
He gave to ASIA typographic art. (38)

The great Tranſlator of the HINDU Laws,
Succeeded him and mighty his applauſe!
IND's modern BLACKSTONE (39) in dark SANSCRIT veil'd (40)
Juſt Commentator might have lain concealed,
If COLEBROOKE's knowledge had not given ſuch light,
As brought the venerable Code to fight:
Obſcur'd no more the ſacred volume lies,
Or to vernacular, or alien eyes.
COLEBROOKE in plain familiar ENGLISH dreſs'd,
The Juriſprudence of the gentle Eaſt.

(36) This gentleman has promiſed the public a continuation of his moſt valuable Hiſtory of Sumatra.

(37) See the 1ſt vol. A. R.—"Mr. Wilkins," ſays Sir WILLIAM JONES," by decyphering and explaining the old Sanſcrit Inſcriptions lately found in theſe provinces, has performed more than any other European has learning enough to accompliſh, or than any Aſiatick had induſtry enough to undertake."

(38) To this celebrated Sanſcrit Scholar, Aſia is indebted for the preparation of types, for the Oriental Languages.

(39) Jagannāt'ha Tercapanchānana.—This Commentator's voluminous work, has been tranſlated by Mr. Henry T. Colebrooke, at the deſire of the late Governor General, Sir John Shore.

(40) "The Hindee and Muſſulman laws are locked for the moſt part in two very difficult languages, Sanſcrit and Arabick, which few Europeans will ever learn, becauſe neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly purſuits."

Sir William Jones, to the Supreme Council

Our Sires misled by prejudice or pride, (41)
Thought INDIA's sons to Letters unalli'd,
Till JONES aroſe, bright Sun! and beam'd ſuch day,
As drove the ſuperficial miſt away.
Men more enlighten'd ſince can plainly trace,
IND's old progenitors a letter'd race,
When BRITONS were———(now lords of ſcience deem'd)
By JULIAN ROME (42) a barbarous race eſteem'd,
But BRITAIN now, monaſtic darkneſs paſs'd,
Learning's fix'd polar ſtar ſhall ever laſt.

Another COLEBROOKE next inſpires the lays,
Whoſe various talents claim diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
Whoſe mental power pre-eminent appears,
Or when he ſtudies the beſpangled ſpheres, (43)
Or in deſcription's faithful words portrays,
Yon neighbouring Iſlands, people, and their ways. (44)
Now ſee him to unſullied white impart,
The grandeſt views for imitative art,
O'er the wove ſheet ſee HYDER's dome expand;
Work of the pencil in his maſter hand!
Nature's ſtupendous ſcenes he gave to ſight,
Exciting awful, but extreme delight! (45)

Whoe'er expounds the ſacred SANSCRIT tongue,
Which to the world has been abſtruſe ſo long,

(41) *Barbarous* Ganges. POPE.
(42) *Viſam Britannos hoſpitibus feros..* HORACE.
And another writer ſays,———*Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*
(43) Alluding to Captain Robert H. Colebrooke's Aſtronomical Obſervations in the 4th vol. A. R.
(44) See his deſcription of Nancowry, Comarty, and the Andaman Iſlands—A. R. vol. 4th.
(45) The ſix latter lines allude to his views in Myſore, moſt of which are awfully grand, but the Manſoleum of Hyder, pleaſes me moſt.

And perſeveres in ſuch induſtrious toil,
Of Science ſurely will deſerve the ſmile:
HINDEE, laborious GILCHRIST has made known—
By whom can SANSCRIT equally be ſhown?
A work immenſe—but if I juſtly view,
The taſk, O BLAQUIERE! is reſerv'd for you. (46)

PHILOLOGERS! one language yet remains,
BENGAL! the language of thy paſſive ſwains.
Hearken, O FORSTER! (47) and your work diſplay,
And add a ſtar to LEARNING'S MILKY WAY.
Your perſeverance henceforth ſhall produce,
Some great Theſaurus for ſcholaſtic uſe;
Then ſhall your ſoul that conſcious pleaſure feel,
Which conſcious merit ought not to conceal,
When Fame on topaz-tinctur'd wings ſhall tower,
To ſound you worthy of the ſmiles of POWER.

In yonder Empire where the BURMAS reign,
Lies an extenſive populous domain,
On which Inquiry's dawn has ſeldom ſhone,
Their learning, language, and their ways ſcarce known:
Return, BUCHANAN! to their regions go,
Explore whatever BURMA Sages know!

(46) Mr. William Coates Blaquiere, a profound Sanſcrit Scholar. He has preſented to the public in the 5th vol. A. R. a tranſlation of one of the Purans on the Sanguinary ſacrifices of the Hindoos, and from him we may hope for a Dictionary of the Sanſcrit language.

(47) Mr. Henry Pitts Forſter,—To whom Mr. Gilchriſt, in the Dedication of the Oriental Linguiſt, to Sir John Shore, thus alludes:—"The intended philological work of one gentleman alone, if finiſhed on the grand ſcale, at preſent projected of an Oriental Theſaurus, muſt prove a ſtupendous literary monument in the Honourable Company's annals of the truth of this verſe—

"*Sint Mæcenates non deerunt Flacce Maronet.*"

Mr. Forſter is the ſuppoſed author of the Letters of Agricola, which diſplay his knowledge in the finance of this country, and his abilities as a politician.

Remark what minerals their country yields,
And, lovely ſtudy, read their flowery fields! (48)
This page of Nature view'd with Learning's eye,
Exhibits treaſures—ſhall they hidden lie?

So long as ſtars ſhall twinkle in the night,
And favour Mortals with their ſilvery light,
So long, O ſtudious DAVIS! (49) ſhall your name,
Rank with thoſe men of literary fame!
Is there no other ſpends inquiring hours,
In ſacred CASI's (50) conſecrated bowers?
Yes—WILLIAMS! you—your praiſe is ſurely great—
WILLIAMS!—men ſnatch'd from death your name repeat,
You check the progreſs of envenom'd pain,
And make the poiſon of the adder vain! (51)

Who are yon Maids array'd in heavenly white,
Whoſe beauteous aſpect ſhines divinely bright?
Yes!—tis the lovely VIRTUES I behold
(I know their treſſes of looſe floating gold)
In ſweet aſſemblage ſeated to proclaim,
How much they reverence their KIRKPATRICK's name!
But firſt ſee CHASTITY—that bluſhing fair—
The doves of INNOCENCE for him prepare.

(48) "Botany," ſays the great Father of the Society, "is the loveliеſt and moſt copious diviſion in the Hiſtory of Nature."—For this ſtudy Dr. Francis Buchanan is peculiarly adapted as well for ability as from inclination.

(49) Mr. Samuel Davis, author of a moſt valuable paper on Hindoo Aſtronomy.—Mr. Davis (ſays Sir William Jones) of all men living is the beſt qualified to exhibit a copious and accurate Hiſtory of Indian Aſtronomy.

(50) Caſi—the ancient name of Benares.

(51) His remarks on the uſe of Cauſtic Alkali, againſt the bite of ſnakes, are publiſhed in the 2d vol A. R.

In ready concord all the ſiſters join,
To celebrate the man in ſongs divine
Whoſe genius plan'd the charitable dome—
Who bad th' ungarded houſeleſs Orphan come. (52)
Eternal Echoes ſhall his name repeat,
In yon green groves round HOWRAH's ſacred ſeat!
O man of ſenſe refin'd!—how juſtly due,
The thanks of riſing Virgins given to you!
Sweet blooming black ey'd girls, of ſhapely forms,
Whoſe ſpeaking looks my melting boſom warms.
To Virtue form'd by your paternal care,
And more preſerved from the Seducer's ſnare.
Could Mortals trace whence every matter ſprings,
And penetrate the ſecret ſource of things,
Or dive into Futurity's dark womb—
Or propheſy of people yet to come—
Hence, ASIAN's born, may riſe of deathleſs fame,
To make States tremble at the BRITISH name!
Perhaps I owe from hence (in chaſte embrace)
Two ſmiling Infants now before my face.
From lower origin and meaner birth,
Sprang the proud ROMANS—Rulers of the Earth!
KIRKPATRICK GONE TO CLIMES OUR ARMS SUBDU'D, (53)
WILL TEACH ANOTHER PEOPLE TO BE GOOD.

(52) Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the moſt active promoters of the Bengal Orphan Inſtitution. His example in India was followed by Lady Campbell, under whoſe patronage the Female Aſylum at Madras was erected in 1787. Poſterity will place their names on the liſt with that moſt humane and beſt of Women, the Lady ARABELLA DENNY, the Foundreſs of the Magdalen Aſylum in Dublin.

(53) When this part of the Poem was written, Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the Commiſſioners for managing the affairs of Myſore.

Then ſhall his God in holy radiance ſhed,
Perpetual bleſſings on his honour'd head,
Give him to ſlumber each revolving night,
Entranc'd in pleaſing dreams of ſoft delight;
Then ſhall his years unknown to care be ſpent,
In one eternal round of true content.
And when the aweful meſſenger of death,
Shall wave the flaming ſword and ſnatch his breath,
On ſilver wings ſhall vigil angels fly,
And gently bear him to the Realms of Joy. (54)

FATHER OF INDIA! SAVIOUR OF THE EAST!
In what exalted claſs can you be plac'd!
HASTINGS! ſay do you now from toils of State,
Enjoy repoſe in your paternal ſeat?
Poſterity your ſemblance ſhall behold,
(Like your own ſpotleſs ſelf) in virgin gold!
The Medals mix'd with Roman coins ſhall lie,
Your face ſhall then catch each reſearcher's eye,
Who'll ſay (with thoughts of former times impreſs'd)
"BEHOLD THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE EAST!"
But yet you live,—yet ſhall your SOVEREIGN'S ray,
Emblaze the eve of your declining day!
Although long ſince the wide ATLANTIC paſt
Your name yet trembles on each paſſing blaſt;
I hear it now,—it vibrates on my ear,
I hear it,—and I ſhed a pearly tear,—

(54) I might equally have celebrated Colonel Kirkpatrick as a great Orientaliſt, but I choſe this more ſplendid part of his Character.

I can no more,—ye Powers of Verse! I find,
That feelings exquisite impress my mind.

END OF
PART
THE SECOND.

PART THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WRITTEN IN

THE EAST INDIES.

Whatever fortune my unpolish'd rhymes,
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the bleſs'd Art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which ſoothes my ſorrow and augments my joy,
Whence lonely Peace and ſocial Pleaſure ſprings,
And Friendſhip dearer than the ſmile of Kings! HAYLEY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO WILLIAM HUNTER, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

PERMIT me to offer you the following little Poems? — It would give me great pleaſure to find them approved of by ſuch an accompliſhed Scholar and Orientalist, and One who has added more Literary Laurels to the Celebrated Name of *HUNTER*.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Calcutta, May 18th, 1800.

3 MR 62

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WRITTEN IN

THE EAST INDIES.

THE PROSPECT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1791.

During the former War with Tippoo.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

I am induced to republiſh the following Poem as it has proved ſo truly prophetic of the glorious ſucceſſes in India which have lately added ſuch unfading luſtre to the Britiſh name.

FORGIVE a gentle Muſe of ſimple power,
Perhaps intruding on your private hour;
Well pleas'd if ſhe her hop'd reception find,
A fair approval in your liberal mind;
If while her lips with holy warmth apply'd,
Salutes the ſpot where gallant MOORHOUSE died, *
She aims with zeal and feeling to relate,
Her boding wiſhes for a Tyrant's fate;
Thrice pleas'd if you,—ſhe aſks no other fame,
Excuſe her errors, and approve her theme.

* The gallant, the lamented Moorhouſe was killed at the ſtorming of the Pettah of Bangalore, on the 7th of March 1791.

Soon in the pomp of terrible array,
Shall yon vaſt armies move their heavy way,
Beneath BRITANNIA's ſtandard proud to join,
In juſtice' cauſe the deep embattled line.

FROM where CAMBAYA's ever verdant ſide,
Ingulphs the TEPTA and NARBUDDAH's tide,
To COMORIN's Cape, the men of MALABAR,
In proud array move forth to ſeek the war,
While COROMANDEL's numerous ſons convene,
To ſwell the glories of the mighty ſcene.

O GLORIOUS pomp; with joy my eye ſurveys,
Yon columns lengthen, and yon armour blaze,
The glittering helm of INDIA's burniſh'd gold—
The poliſh'd ſteel of BRITAIN's hardier mould—
The firm battalion—wide recurſive horſe,
Move on with dignity and ſure impreſſive force.

Too long hath Tyranny, with iron hand,
Imperious rul'd the MYSOREAN land!
Too long her Monarch, once ſupremely great,
In bondage held, depriv'd of power and ſtate,
In annual triumph mournfully diſplays,
Th' imperial pageant of three feſtive days.

AT length on TIPPOO ſee the Fates impend,
And all his glories haſtening to an end!
That boaſted power, ſo long HINDOSTAN's ſhame,
No longer lives in his terrific name;
While vengeful Juſtice lends her powerful hand,
To ſcourge the Tyrant and to free the land;

Her rightful Monarch to his throne reſtore,
And make him great and happy as before.

GENIUS of BRITAIN! thy auſpicious power,
On worlds remote, on every diſtant ſhore,
Beſtow'ſt the bleſſings of thy foſtering name,
And bind'ſt rude nations in the link of fame,
Alike to emulate thy glorying ſtrife,
Or court the arts of humanizing life.

SOON ſhall Oppreſſion bend his ſtubborn head,
Soon ſhall a Tyrant number with the dead,
Soon 'venging War, which now erects his creſt,
Reſtore HINDOSTAN to primæval reſt;
Then ſhall fair FREEDOM bleſs theſe happy lands,
And SCIENCE tower beneath her genial hands,
PEACE know no foe, the ARTS meet no controul,
But BRITISH knowledge warm the INDIAN ſoul;
The ſons of BRAHMA then, with pious care,
Their high Pagodas ſhall ſecurely rear;
By her protected and by her refin'd,
Shall BRITAIN's name in BRAHMA's prayer be join'd:
Then ſhall the Univerſe, aſtoniſh'd, ſee,
Old ASIA's Kings to ENGLAND's bend the knee,
Proud of her ſway—dependantly alli'd,
And take her delegated power with pride.

THIS juſt prediction of the Muſe attend,
BRITANNIA's glories and the Tyrant's end,
PEACE and her ſmiling ſeraph train in view,
Will form new ſubjects to be ſung for YOU.

ADDRESS
TO
LORD MORNINGTON.

Written February 6th, 1800.

WHILE choral Hymns of Gratitude proclaim
Due adoration to th' ALMIGHTY NAME,
With what delight our happy public view,
That plant of Olive ſown, my Lord, by You:
Progreſſive years ſhall ſee the ſprig increaſe
A vernal monument of laſting Peace!

LONG in MYSORE had vain deſpotic Pride
Made Deſolation roll a ſanguine tide—
And Murder arm—and iron creſted War
Ravage whole regions on his ſcythe wheel'd car,
Not ENGLAND's heroes could avert th' alarms,
Not COOTE, nor MEADOWS, Chiefs renown'd in arms,
Nor HE who toil'd, in foreign lands diſtreſs'd,
To place COLUMBIA on her parent's breaſt!
The POWER of Powers, my Lord, for You decreed,
To right one King and make one Tyrant bleed!
You frown'd—and ASIA, wondering, ſaw expire
The Son more hoſtile than the hoſtile Sire!
One hour o'erturn'd his mighty projects all!
One hour beheld th' ambitious deſpot fall!

LONG, may You long the chair of Council grace,
You great Præcurſor of delightful Peace!

Borne on applauſe this deed through worlds ſhall fly,
Till TULLY, LUCAS, and CAMILLUS die!

SULTAN! Ambition's victim, may'ſt thou find
In death ceſſation for thy reſtleſs mind!
But yet the dark—the cloſe concealing grave
Cannot thy name from imprecation ſave,
Now through the Univerſe it loudly rings,
A dreadful leſſon to contentious Kings!

MAY YOU, my Lord, while in the ſovereign ſeat,
Still be in counſel fortunate and great,
Still may ſuch impulſe fire your glowing blood,
As ſwells in kingly breaſts for public good,
Which rais'd a SCIPIO's ſoul to patriot fire,
And made a CHATHAM glorioufly expire!

VERSES on the Death of Captain ROBERT DAVIES, *Aid de Camp to the Right Honourable the Governor General, who fell in the late action between the Sybille and La Forte, February 28th*, 1799.

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN COOK.

WHEN warriours periſh, fir'd with patriot zeal,
Contending nobly for the commonweal,
The pitying Muſes o'er their favourites fly,
And waft their breath, like incenſe, to the ſky:
Round their departing ſouls they circling move,
To ſee them reach the bliſsful realms above;
Then with the trumpet of eternal praiſe,
Wide o'er the univerſe their memories blaze.

WHILE heroes mourn, the Fair beſtow the tear,
Of genuine ſorrow, DAVIES! o'er thy bier!
Too early doom'd ſublunar life to end!
Too early ſnatch'd from each lamenting friend!
Maſter of every ſoft alluring power!
Polite enlivener of the ſocial hour!
Fitted to combat in the martial ſtrife,
Or grace the circle of convivial life!
Could I his praiſe in equal ſtrains rehearſe,
TYRTÆUS! could I emulate thy verſe;
Then ſhould his name, at which I'll ever mourn,
A watchword be for phalanxes unborn.
Not to one ſphere his talents were confin'd,
A patriot ardour fill'd his active mind,
A generous Chief THE SOLDIER can't delay,
He courts thee, Glory! on the faithleſs ſea,

When Britiſh *Sybille* ſpread her fluttering ſails,
In naval pomp before the wanton gales,
He ſpurn'd the ſafety of the guarded port,
To curb the pride of FRANCE in her *La Forte*.
This towering veſſel of ſuperior ſize,
Appear'd audaciouſly to brave the ſkies!
That of leſs force, and lowly to the fight,
Was yet moſt agile in the hour of fight.
Both boldly dare the victor-wreath to gain,
The battle's echo vibrates o'er the main,
The night's illum'd as plays the living fire!
The conquer'd *Gauls* in agony expire!
Thou ſaw'ſt, BRITANNIA, Empreſs of the ſea,
The flag FRANCE, before the dawn of day,
(That nation great in its own flowery ſtyle)
Strike to a champion of thy little Iſle,
But dear earn'd conqueſt, the ſame breath muſt tell,
How COOK was wounded and how DAVIES fell! *

YET lives he in the ſacred rolls of fame,
For bright ey'd POETRY embalms his name,
In public and in private life approv'd,
He fell lamented as he liv'd belov'd!

COOK, hear a penſive muſe, theſe lines impart,
Who loves the ardour of thy manly heart,
Who joys, even while ſhe twiſts this cypreſs wreath,
Thou wear'ſt ſuch laurels as he gain'd in death.

Calcutta, April 1, 1799.

The gallant COOK *did not long ſurvive his victory, he died of his wound on the* 23*d of the ſucceeding May.*

* Theſe two lines are chiefly borrowed from Tickell.

THE RIVER SIDE.

I HAVE observed that 'The River Side' has become a fashionable walk in the cool of morning and evening for the polite gentry of Calcutta. The following lines were suggested to me by seeing it frequented by Gentlemen and Ladies, who at the head of the walk quitted their Palanquins to enjoy the breezes of health on this delightful spot. It has hitherto been known by the name of 'The Respondentia Walk' but we Poets, by the power vested in us, do by our poetica licencia cancel that name. Henceforward be it known by the name of THE HYGEIAN WALK, *or The Walk of Health.*

YE who for health have every method try'd,
Go court AURORA by 'The River Side!'
Thither her modest charms your steps invite,
When her first blushes streak the Heavens with light!

'TIS pleasant sure upon that airy walk,
To pass these healthful hours in social talk,
And softly sauntering mid the rising trees,
To feel the fanning of the morning breeze.
You who distemper know, if ease you seek,
Come here let gentle AURA kiss your cheek.
Ye gay on all the joys of life intent,
Come here and sickness 'dire approach prevent.
For lovely Belles and airy Beaus now fam'd,
'THE WALK HYGEIAN' be it henceforth nam'd.

O WHAT an ardour swells my every vein,
Whene'er I look upon the level plain,
And see yon proud, yon voluntary band, *
In pomp of Military order stand!
THEY fraught with pure, with patriotic zeal,
Would die or conquer for the commonweal!

* The Calcutta Militia.

THEY big with ſentiments of true renown,
Deſire the laurel—Glory's brighteſt crown!
What martial ſpirit through each boſom runs,
Fitted to curb the pride of GALLIA's ſons,
To charge that foe on the contended plain—
Sure ſome TYRTÆUS ſings to war again!

HERE turn ye Fair—ſee with the coming tide,
A lofty veſſel floats in ſtately pride!
Smoothly ſhe moves upon the cryſtal wave!
Scarce your own gentle boſoms ſofter heave!
Perhaps her packet open'd will diſcloſe,
How other NELSONS beat aſpiring foes!
Perhaps how BRITAIN's glories ſtill encreaſe!
Perhaps the news of univerſal Peace!
Perhaps ſhe letters brings your ſouls to move,
By Friendſhip dictated or ſofter Love!
She comes, ye Fair! obſerve the ſhip with ſmiles,
A beauteous Envoy from THE QUEEN OF ISLES!

As I on HOUGLY's banks this morning ſtood,
To ſee a thouſand veſſels preſs his flood,
A ſudden ſplendour blaz'd before my ſight,
When COMMERCE roſe array'd in robes of light,
She o'er CALCUTTA graceful ſtretch'd her hand,
And thrice ſhe o'er it wav'd her golden wand!
" Hence, " cry'd the Power, " this City ſhall receive,
" All joys which I and Peace combin'd can give!
" Here ſhall the ſhips of every State beſtow,
" The faireſt produce that their people know!
" Happy the golden hours ſhall fleet away,
" Beneath your MORNINGTON's auſpicious ſway!"

She ſpoke—and quickly pierc'd the yielding ſkies,
'Tis true!—I ſaw her with poetic eyes.

I, when no anodyne can ſooth my pain,
Will walk along 'The River Side' again,
Health muſt return and ſickneſs ſhall decreaſe,
If here I ſee the ſmiles on Beauty's face.

Calcutta, March the 11th, 1800.

ODE

TO

My Infant Daughter, ELIZA HOWRAH.

COME Smiler! in my lap repoſe,
Child of the Lily and the Roſe,
Come to me from thy mother's arms,
I'll gaze upon thy opening charms;
Come, Love! and ſee me flowers prepare,
To tangle round thy flaxen hair;
Or playful ſtrew before thy feet,
CHAMPAC, * the golden and the ſweet,
Or if more pleaſing to thy ſight,
BELA, † the delicate and white.

COME and I'll tune a tender lay
For that, to me, auſpicious day,
I got thee from CONNUBIAL LOVE,
In HOWRAH's Whampee-ſcented grove,

* *Michelia Champaca.* † *Nyctanthes Multiflora.*

Beſtow'd me near the opening glade
Of yon tall ſpreading almond ſhade,
ELIZA born—the wood nymphs ſmil'd,
And HOUGLY ſtop'd to kiſs the child.

THE VIRTUES all came to behold,
Their ringlets ſhone in circling gold,
MODESTY in ſky blue array,
And INNOCENCE as fair as day!
Th' attendant girls danc'd at the ſight,
Apparel'd in the pureſt white,
Each ſilver ſlipper'd virgin ſmil'd
Beſtowing kiſſes on the child.

Kiſs, little Smiler, and go then
To thy fond mother's arms again:
Go, in her boſom find repoſe,
Child of the Lily and the Roſe.

AN humble attempt to verſify the LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER SUPREME, who ſit'ſt enthron'd in Heaven,
Eternal praiſes to THY NAME be given!
THY Kingdom come—here may we THEE obey
With ſuch ſincerity as Angels pay.
Let us this day our daily bread receive,
And pardon, LORD, as we our foes forgive:
Our erring ſteps from ſoft temptation lead,
And teach us how from evil to recede;
Kingdoms are THINE and Glory ceaſing never,
And THINE all power for ever and for ever.

ON WOMEN.

In my comparisons in this Poem, I have mentioned only the eight Winds known to the Ancients.

A CLOSE examiner perhaps may find,
WOMEN at birth are temper'd by the WIND.

PROCEED the nature of each WIND to trace.
And next the passions of the FEMALE RACE.

THEY born when AQUILO (1) the Heaven deforms,
Are scolds, and noisy like their parent storms.
The more such Termagants you try to mend,
More stubborn they and less dispos'd to bend.
Hush! least they dash by furious passions led,
XANTIPPE like, decanters at your head,
Such Females (Males in deeds) will come to blows.
But one such Woman is an host of foes,
Her element is everlasting strife,
O save me, favouring Heaven! from such a Wife.

THEY born beneath the swift VULTURNIAN (2) blast,
Are scarcely in a softer model cast.
Yet not so bad—restrain'd by sense of shame,
They openly regard a Female Name.

(1) Aquilo N. E. *a vehentissimo volatu ad instar aquilæ.*
Horrifer Boreas. OVID
Qualis hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris.
Incumbit—— VIRG.

Ovid's description of Aquilo or Boreas.

——Vi tristia nubila pello:
Vi freta concutio, nodosaque robora verto
Induroque nives et terras grandine pello.

(2) Vulturnus S. E. *a vulturii volatu quoniam alitè resonat.*
Celer Vulturnus. LUCRETIUS.

Turn to the chamber;——why ſhould I diſcloſe,
What the poor huſband in the chamber knows?
Private contentions!—yet he with the veils
Of ſeeming ſmiles his real ſtate conceals.

Ye hen-peck'd huſbands who lead reſtleſs lives,
With pert, with formal, conſequential Wives,
Led round in leading ſtrings juſt like a child,
Do not ye wiſh Septentrio (3) blew more mild?

That Woman gifted with a chattering tongue,
Who prattles ſcandal over her Souſong,
Is born of Libs (4)—ſhe moſtly trouble gives,
Or when ſhe pays a viſit or receives.
The envy ſown in her malignant heart,
Would wound her neighbour by each little art,
'Tis not her Family this dame regards,
Too fond of ſuppers and nocturnal cards.

When Subsolanus (5) blows, a beauteous race,
Are born and known by the too tempting face.
Of ſoft complexion, exquiſitely fair,
Theſe are the Damſels with the golden hair;
Quick melting hearts!—they too compliant prove,
And ere the proper ſeaſon worſhip Love,
Their warmth of ſoul, the huſband's peace deſtroys,
Their taſte for Venus and delicious joys.

(3) Septentrio. *Due* N. Livy.
Acer Septentrio ortus.
(4) Libs or Africus S. W. by W.
Malus celeri ſaucius Africo. Hor.
Precipitem Africum. Hor.
(5) Subſolanus or Eurus *Equinoctial* E.
Eurus ad Auroram, Nabathæaque regna receſſit,
Perfidaque—— Ovid.

The God of Pleaſure, from their natal hour,
Nurs'd all theſe darlings in his roſy bower.

Cold is that woman born when Caurus (6) blows,
As cold in temper as December's ſnows,
Her mind will fit her for inferior life,
Or juſt adapt her as a farmer's wife!
Sylva's uncouth nor ſkill'd in things refin'd,
But (Heaven's beſt gift) ſhe has an honeſt mind,
Pleas'd when on her the rural joys await,
She wants not riches which pollute the great,
For real happineſs at home ſhe ſeeks,
Her half clad offſpring with their roſy cheeks—
Domeſtic work—her huſband's ſcanty farm—
While all employment yield, can fully charm.
After a life in healthful labour ſpent,
This poor, this happy dame will die content.

They born whene'er Meridies (7) ſkims the plain,
Are the bleſs'd daughters of The Golden Mean,
No ills in life their happy tempers break,
Calm as the ſurface of the ſilver lake!

Ye Virgins born when ſoft Favonius (8) blew,
Accept my paſſion and believe me true!
Juſtly to you th' enraptur'd Poet pays
Homage in tender panegyric lays.
Your hearts of purity his ſoul approves!
Your bluſhing downcaſt modeſty he loves!

(6) Caurus or Argeſtes S. W.
Semper hyems, ſemper ſpirantes frigora Cauri. Virg.
(7) Meridies S.
(8) Favonius or Zephyrus *Equinoctial* W.
Candidi Favoni. Hor.
Sub adventum ſpirantis lene Favoni. Ovid.

Bleſs'd with all powers in Women that can pleaſe,
Are the fair daughters of this gentle breeze!
Bleſs'd with each mental and external charm,
That Senſibility's chaſte ſoul can warm!
Ah may that maid of your bright train comply,
For whom I languiſh and for whom I die.
Would not ſhe prove, to calm this worldly ſtrife,
A ſweet companion and a tender wife!
Come to this freſco by thy lover's ſide!
Come, gentle AURA! come and be my bride!
Flowers of ANEMONE (9) to thee I give!
Come, gentle AURA, with me ever live!

(9) The Wind Flower.

THE CONTRAST.

WHERE BENARES on GANGES' ſmiling ſide,
Stupendous temples ſhews in idol pride;
Where, AURUNGZEBE,* thy minarets tower, on high,
And their exalted tops dart in the ſky;
Where HINDOO prieſts, in holy veſtments dreſs'd,
Rule o'er this far-fam'd OXFORD of the Eaſt;
Theſe eyes beheld a lovely female race;
Poſſeſs'd of all th'enchanting power of face;
Though on their necks EUROPA's ſnow's not ſeen,
Though climate deep embrowns their darker ſkin,

* "Aurungzebe has effectually diſplayed to poſterity, the power and ſovereignty which he exerciſed at Benares, by a magnificent moſque which he erected on the ſcite (and even admitted into his plan a conſiderable part of the edifice,) of an ancient ſuperb Hindoo temple.—This moſque continues perfect to this day, and with its high bounding minarets (which he alſo erected) overlooks the whole city." W. HASTINGS.

Their full black eyes awake ſuch ſoft alarms,
We gaze, enraptur'd, on their native charms.

Ye ASIAN LADIES! hard your fate appears
Spent in one narrow ſpace your bloomy years,
Immur'd, obedient at the lordly call,
Within a lone Zenana's guarded wall,
Watch'd by Suſpicion's ever glancing eye,
In ſoft alcoves th' impriſon'd beauties lie,
And pine in pomp—light ſilks their limbs enfold;
For them DAMASCUS weaves the roſe in gold;
For them the camel, patient traveller, brought
Great RUSTUM's deeds in Perſian tapeſtry wrought,
To them HINDOSTAN's fertile empire pours,
From DELHI's crowded gates, luxurious ſtores;
But ah! what pleaſure can their ſplendour give?
They live in coſtly wretchedneſs —They live
Like cag'd canaries —never to be free,
Nor never know the ſweets of Liberty!

HAIL to the Fair of that delightful land,
Where liberal ſentiments the ſoul expand;
Where no hir'd guards within the portals lie,
To watch their miſtreſs with Suſpicion's eye:
Avaunt, thou haggard Jealouſy! thou peſt,
Begot of old in the miſtruſtful Eaſt;
Still hold thy rule to everlaſting time,
Far, very far from ENGLAND's happier clime!
Deep fiend of Hell, thou tear'ſt the human heart,
Thou wound'ſt affection in the tend'reſt part,
Thou overturn'ſt where long form'd Concord ſtood,
Thou bath'ſt thy wither'd hands in human blood,

Thou parteſt thoſe long join'd by Friendſhip's name,
Ev'n ſpotleſs Chaſtity thou dar'ſt defame.

Ye blooming maids of Britain's generous land,
The faireſt work of God's Almighty Hand,
At your ſoft ſhrine the powerful Lords I ſee,
Of each more haughty empire bend the knee;
To you, nor falſe my filial ſong, is given
The trueſt likeneſs of your parent Heaven.

Enjoy the bleſſings your mild country brings,
For Beauty's fetter'd where your Poet ſings:
As funeral lamps enlighten but the tomb,
Here Beauty only ſhines within one dome.
Poor cloyſter'd ſouls! whoſe ſpeaking eyes engage,
In youth they pine, and fade in early age,
Though with each grace of perſon form'd to move
My eaſy boſom to harmonious love,
They live, untaught by Reaſon's purer light,
In darkneſs deeper than monaſtic night.

How happy ye not born that ſway beneath,
Where an imperial word gives life or death;
Where mercileſs ſlaves at the ſupreme command,
Oppreſs the poor and deſolate the land.
Barbarian maxims—Tyranny's black power
Have run this too unwieldy Empire o'er,
Here jarring Princes fight in dire array,
Quotidian battles for provincial ſway,
And rend, Hindostan! thy diſmember'd frame,
Thou, Great Mogul! but bear'ſt that mighty name.
Ah! may I live where Freedom holds her reign,
In the mild iſlands of the weſtern main,

With whoſe applauſe admiring nations ring;
Ah! may I live beneath an ENGLISH KING.

ODE TO BENARES.

CITY belov'd! to thee I freely pay,
In votive verſe a tributary lay.
To CRISHNA, with the golden colour'd hair,
For ever will thy ſacred name be dear.
The Sciences and poliſh'd Arts are thine,
Eternal manſion of the GOPIA nine.
Dearer to them than all the gaudy flowers,
Which eyes poetic ſee round MATRA's bowers.
Retir'd within thy deep cathedral ſhades,
The reverend Pundits read the holy Beids.
And learn man's erring race how to be good,
And ne'er pollute themſelves with harmleſs blood,
Since Nature, ſimply pleas'd, requires no more,
Than the green garden's vegetable ſtore.
The conſecrated ox's honour'd neck,
With ſacred TOOLSEE * Bramins here bedeck,
And not a ſacrilegious hand has power,
To ſtain the knife in his forbidden gore.
Thus once in LEARNING's primitive abode,
Divine EGYPTIA, APIS own'd a God.
Here pious maids, in GANGA's ſilver wave,
Perform the Poojah and their bodies lave,
And ope, whene'er the roſy day's begun,
Their tender boſoms to the riſing Sun.†

* Toolſee—Ocymum Sanctum, a plant eſteemed ſacred by the Hindoos.

† Abul Fazel ſays, the Hindoos in all their prayers, implore bleſſings of the Sun.

When their bright eyes his radiance firſt behold,
They bow before the glory beaming gold.
Ablution o'er they ſacred wreaths prepare
Of BELA flowers to deck their jetty hair:
BELA, * whoſe yellow tinctur'd blooms preſent,
Sweets to the ſight and fragrance to the ſcent.
The dimpled GOPIA beauteous flowers approve,
Emblems of Pleaſure, Innocence and Love.
O Sun, for thee in modulated lays,
Here Bramin virgins pour forth hymns of praiſe.
Supernal majeſty of beamy light,
Whoſe heavenly glories give the world delight,
When they thy renovated ſplendours ſee,
They kneel to thee, and to THE GOD OF THEE!
O venerable ſeat of BRAHMA's power,
Fair SERESWATY's† academic bower,
Grateful for ever art thou to her ſight,
Not even METHILLA ‡ gives her more delight.
In thee may moral bards hereafter riſe,
Whoſe towering names ſhall reach the lofty ſkies.
May they inſpir'd, to wondering worlds rehearſe,
Sublime MAHABARET's in epic verſe.
And ne'er may'ſt thou, of Arts th'eternal ſchool,
Know the proud MUSSULMAN's imperious rule.
Till Time expires, may Britain's foſtering hand,
Exalt thy glories, and thy fame expand.
Brighter, ſtill brighter be, beneath her power,
O ſplendid ſeat of Oriental Lore!

* Bela—of this fragrant and beautiful ſpecies of Jaſminum, the Hindoos form the *Haars* or chaplets which they ornament themſelves with, at the time of bathing and devotion.
† Sereſwaty—the patroneſs of Literature, or the Indian Minerva.
‡ Methilla—The ſeat of a renowned School of learned Brahmins on the borders of the Benares Zemindary.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written in Doctor Stuart's Hiſtory of Scotland.

LONG had the name of MARY borne the ſtain
Of blaſting Infamy—but now convinc'd
By STUART's truth ſearching pen, we gladly ſee
Th' unmerited diſhonour wip'd away.

O FAIREST flower that e'er in SCOTLAND grew!
O ſtar of beauty ſoften'd and refin'd
With ev'ry poliſh'd grace!——The GRACES' ſelves
Own'd thee their lovelier ſiſter nor could cope
With thee, in perfect ſymmetry of form:
Nurs'd in the ſoft and warmer climes of FRANCE,
Thy native elegance too eaſy ſhone
To the rough, ruder children of the North;
For they, uncouth, thy every pleaſing grace,
Branded with levity's miſtaken name.
Fair Queen, unrivall'd in the roll's of beauty!
Sad Queen, unparallel'd in miſery's annals!
Now with a double ſceptre in thy hand,
The darling conſort of a powerful King—
Now in confinement's gloom, capricious ſport,
For an imperious, ſubtle, rival Queen.
But thy exalted ſoul was ne'er confin'd,
For great ideas never felt a ſhackle,
No fear can bridle them—they ſudden burſt,
On the quick ears of an admiring world.
MARY, by woes unmov'd, dy'd as a Queen,
Not death, impending death, in terrors clad
Could alter her firm face—religious ſmiles—

The mildeſt ſmiles—which ſhew contempt of death—
Religious ſmiles—which ſhew our hope in Heaven,
Still ſweeter made her face—already ſweet—
For Chriſtian Charity was there pourtray'd,
And a forgetfulneſs of all her wrongs—
O you, who caus'd her wrongs, dark and malign!

As different paſſions ſway the human boſom,
So different authors variouſly relate
MARY! the ſtory of thy hapleſs life.
The ſplendid pen of ROBERTSON miſled,
By prieſtly bias writes a prieſtly tale;
But STUART, led by TRUTH's unerring ſtar,
Unprejudic'd in principle o'erturns
That ſhining fabric once ſo much admir'd.
Lo! MARY's virtues blooming from the tomb,
Though wrap'd in ſlander for two hundred years!
Rejoice, ye Nymphs of SCOTIA, let your hearts
With exultation beat, behold that Queen,
So much abus'd in life, bely'd in death,
Shine more reſplendent now, from cenſure free'd;
Like the great Lord of Day, who ſcreen'd by clouds,
Seems doubly luſtrous, when the clouds have paſs'd.
Weave with your own fair hands, Nymphs of the North!
With your own mountain flowers let it be form'd,
A wreath of honour for th' hiſtorian's brow,
Which while your mountains laſt, ſhall flouriſh green,
In the unperiſhable book of TIME.

OFT ſtorms in life compel the human mind,
To petty deeds, which when the gale's o'er-blown,

We can't believe we e'er could have perform'd:—
Such was the fate of SCOTLAND's Queen, whene'er
By vaſſals forc'd to act beneath herſelf.

On the Great and Beautiful Poetry has ever ſhowered her favours. Beyond a doubt the Muſes have often touched the Lyre for this all accompliſhed and Lovely Princeſs. The following is one remaining inſtance of tuneful homage, which I the more readily tranſcribe as it may not be conveniently refered to by my readers in India. I wiſh to ſee all the poems collected which have been written on this Celebrated Lady, as well as the few productions of her own in the poſſeſſion of Poſterity, They would form a little volume very acceptable to all lovers of Poetry.

A NEW YEAR's ODE, *To Queen* Mary, 1562. * *The Poet,* ALEXANDER SCOTT.

To Queen Mary, *when ſhe firſt came Hame.*

WELCUM, illuſtrat lady, and our Quene,
Welcum our Lyone with the Floure-dy-Lyce;
Welcum our Thiſtle with the Lorane Grene,
Welcum our rubent roſe upon the ryce:

Welcum our Jem and joyfull Gentryce,
Welcum our Beil of Albion to beir;
Welcum our pleaſand Princes maiſt of prayce;
God give you grace againſ this gude NEW YIER.

Found on the firſt four *Vertues Cardinall,*
On Wiſdom, Juſtice, Force, and Temperance,
Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall
Of verteous life, thy glory to advance:

Wey Juſtice equal with Diſcrepance!
Strengthen thy State, with ſtedfaſtneſs to ſteir,
To temper Tyme with true continuance,
God give thee grace againſ this gude NEW YIER.

Freſch, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant flower formoſe!
Lantern to luve, of lady's lamp and lot:
Cherry maiſt ſweet! cheif carbuncle and choiſe:
Chaſt ſmiling Sovragin! ſhining beautie ſpot!

Bleſt! beautifull! benygn! and beſt begot!
To this indyte pleaſe to incline thine eir,
Sent by thy ſimple ſervant, Sandera Scott,
Greiting, God grant thy Grace a gude NEW YIER.

* Twenty four years before her death.

THE ENGLISH FREE MASONS.

The following is a Tranſlation from a very elegant Latin Poem which appeared in the Free Maſons Magazine. The circumſtance it relates happened ſome years ago in the city of (I believe) Canterbury.

THE SACRED RITES and all the pomp diſplay'd,
When for proceſſion Maſons are array'd.
The brothers honour'd all the world around,
By ties the ſtrongeſt and moſt holy bound,
And ſolemn Maſonry—this awful thing!
O heavenly Muſe! may I preſume to ſing!
(Before a curious Nymph with prying eyes
Had violated the ſolemnities)
But ſuch a ſubject's worthy of the ſtrains,
Of him who ſung *the Pigmies* and *the Cranes*, *
Or for the writer of *the Trap* † to ſpeak,
Whoſe temple's circled with the greeneſt leek!

BEHOLD THE CRAFT, on ST. JOHN's ſacred day,
Move from THE LODGE in beautiful array,
The different ornaments each rank expreſs,
And varying grandeur of each ſeparate dreſs.
The Ribbands which acroſs their ſhoulders lie,
Their ſilver figur'd pendent medals tie.

THERE's no confuſion—they of youthful grace,
To the more venerable ſage give place.
They, chief in office, the proceſſion lead,
See the GRAND MASTER firſt of all precede.
He robes of admirable ſplendour wears,
His dexter hand the uſual enſign bears,

* Mr. Addiſon. † The Muſcipula.

With naked ſword, lo! marches by his ſide
Th'attendant ſword-bearer—in humbler pride
The Maſters next in conſecution came,
And next the brothers of inferior name,
They don't confus'dly on each other throng,
But two by two go decently along;
The Treaſurer's here—and here a Romiſh Prieſt,
Next in proceſſion are two Painters plac'd,
(One *Monſieur Daub* from *Gallia* wafted o'er
And *Mr. Patrick* from *Hibernia's* ſhore)
A Barber—honeſt Taylor—and Divine,
Dreſſed in his ſurplice follow next in line.
Behold a Toyman next in order paſs,
And next a manufacturer of braſs;
A weather-beaten ſailor next is ſeen,
And next the jolly keeper of an Inn,
With a full pimpled face and ſaucer eyes,
And bloated belly of enormous ſize.
But next is ONE OF MORE ENGAGING LOOKS,
A MILD, INGENUOUS PUBLISHER OF BOOKS!
With many more of various trades and parts,
The different ſons of all the different arts,
As alſo they whom ſlothful manners pleaſe,
Who ſpend their lazy hours in idle eaſe.

PRECEDING all, in jackets dreſs'd, go they
Who ſcratch the ſtrings for hire and pipe for pay,
Where three roads meet ſuch men we often find,
Scraping their fiddles to the empty wind.
But ſee the pillars on yon ſacred ground!
How the low populace all throng around!
There married youths and handy craftsmen move—
There giggling girls who never taſted love,

Pry, led by an inquiſitive deſire,
But moſt the gazing multitude admire,
What honours all to the GRAND MASTER pay,
His ſeeming dignity and kingly ſway.

AN herald brother loudly now declares,
The BAPTIST's antique dome in view appears,
No ſooner he the ſacred building ſaw,
But all were ſtruck with reverential awe!
The Maſons here impatient of delay,
Conclude the myſtic buſineſs of the day.
On their return their faces ſhone with joy,
And real pleaſure ſparkled on each eye;
Their fancies now ran on the hour to dine,
The plenteous table and the racy wine,
As they return they eagerly are view'd,
By an admiring motley multitude!

MEANTIME the Cooks attentively prepare,
The different joints with culinary care,
Some pierce th'enormous ſirloins with a ſpit,
While ſome beſide the boiling coppers ſit,
Others with ſkimmers frequently decreaſe,
From o'er the ſavory herbs the riſing greaſe,
Ev'n to the elements the ſmoke aſpires,
From all the numerous ſurrounding fires!
To raiſe the delicacy of the feaſt,
The young of every animal was dreſs'd,
For this the fiſh was taken from the floods!
For this the game was raviſh'd from the woods!

O Most unhappy day—O day decreed,
To be ſo fatal to the tender breed!
The pidgeon now deſerted and alone,
Bewails in ſolitude the young ones gone!
The wary woodcock too is left forlorn,
The death of its lamented mate to mourn,
The numerous quail with diligence are ſought,
And from amid the covering ſtubble brought,
The red ey'd partridge now to ſorrow yields,
And wails its young through the ſurrounding fields!

When with fat veniſon hunger was allay'd!
See the decanters on the table laid!
While ſocial toaſts the general mirth proclaim,
They drink to beauteous Rosamonda's name!
The wine enliven'd Maſons freely paſs,
Th'inſpiring bottle and the circling glaſs,
Happy they were while favouring fate decreed,
But their good fortune ſee from hence recede!

Now from the ceiling of the ſtucco'd hall,
A ſudden craſh th'attention draws of all,
The brothers trembled, ſtruck with dire diſmay,
When lo! appear'd—(O wonderful to ſay!)
A lovely Nymph—a daughter of the Thames,
Suſpended held 'twixt two ſupporting beams,
While her ſpread arms without the roof were laid,
Within the naked fair was half diſplay'd,
Her bloomy beauties preſſing on the eye,
* * * * * * * *
No more, O bluſhing Muſe, muſt be expreſs'd,
Ye youths of flowery fancy dream the reſt!

She like the mother of young CUPID ſhone,
Such as PRAXITELES once form'd in ſtone!
But only half was ſeen!——
Juſt from the panting boſom to the foot!
Such limbs ACTÆON, as ſhe touch'd the flood,
Saw with th' avenging *Huntreſs of the wood! †

A CHILLY fear through all th'aſſembly went,
The Maſons trembled at the dire portent,
Some timid men beneath the tables cringe—
Some ſeek the door and turn the creaking hinge—
While ſome more bold with haſty ſteps incline,
Toward their Reverend Brother—the Divine,
And beg he'll ſupplicate th' immortal gods,
The bleſſed inhabitants of yon abodes,
That this unprecedented ſign may tend,
This omen dire!—to a propitious end.

---

* Diana.

† As the foregoing lines are but partly an imitation I ſubjoin the whole of the beautiful Original.

En per gypſati jam jam laquearia tecti
Fit fragor horribilis, ſubito,—Mirabile dictu!
Virginis apparent nudatæ membra decora,
Pectus aduſque palam, dilapſaque Nympha videtur,
Per binas ſuſpenſa trabes, ac pulchra revelans;
Hic crus formoſum, femur hic juvenile venuſtum
Et lævem ventrem, clunes niveaſque globoſas;
Cætera quid referam? *Veneris* vita altera Imago,
(Qualem *Praxiteles Medicis* effinxerat olim,)
Dimidiata tamen;—tales aſpexerat artus
Ultricem *Actæon* cernens ſine veſte *Dianam*.

THE AUCTIONEER.

(*Imitated from the Latin of Sir* JAMES MACDONALD.)

RELATE, O Muſe! the various frauds you hear
Are put in practice by an Auctioneer,
What lies he utters from his lofty ſeat,
How every gazing buyer tries to cheat,
Who, while th' increaſe of price he only ſeeks,
In doubtful counterpoiſe the hammer keeps,
At length, juſt ſeeming memory to invoke,
He ſtamps the bargain with the final ſtroke!

See all his merchandiſe in order laid,
And every curious article diſplay'd,
Here a maim'd ſtatue will our eyes engage,
And here a famous picture ſpoil'd by age;
Th' immortal artiſts ſure we muſt applaud,
He tells each name, we ſcarce can doubt a fraud.
Here antique rings are ſhewn of Roman mould,
And here a genuine Otho ſtamp'd on gold!
How many little ruſty coins are here,
To every antiquary truly dear,
Whoſe value ſtill is more enhanc'd between,
The ſacred ruſt and venerable green!
Each thing's obtruded on the public eye,
And all the rarities in order lie,
Who but will gaze at this alluring view,
And burn to be an adept in *virtu?*

But you, ye lovely eaſy Nymphs! beware!
When you the toilet wiſh to deck with care,

Or make your chambers beauteous to behold,
With eaſtern vaſes figur'd o'er with gold,
Deceits are various—oft to our ſurprize
An hole upon the goblet ſtrikes our eyes,
But *then* he ſays the ſtori'd ſides relate
Of the DANAIDÆ, the wretched fate,
To fill a perforated tub decreed,
Whoſe faithleſs bottom leaks it's charge with ſpeed,
They wondering ſee their every labour vain,
And pour in water o'er and o'er again!
Not HUNTER you, whoſe brows the bays adorn,
Nor foe of fraud, the orient God of morn,
Can ſave one from the knavery of the cheat,
So artfully he covers his deceit.
Know, he deludes the votaries of the Nine,
They lov'd of PHŒBUS, majeſty divine,
Whether he vamps an antiquated book,
And makes it like a ſhining modern look.
Or more, to gratify your all demands,
Puts ſeveral curious volumes in your hands,
Some tomes of which undecorated lie,
Some with their gilded backs allure the eye,
'Tis thus oft damag'd books of little note,
Are recommended by their ally'd coat.

BE not too credulous, nor once give ear,
To the glib language of an Auctioneer;
In bidding quite indifferent ſeem and ſlow,
Though he appears determined on the blow;
Truſt not his hand or talk (his words are ſmoke)
Nor viſage menacing the final ſtroke,

Although the hammer's in the falling act,
He will the meditated knock retract,
Now, now juſt going!—at this point ſo nice,
The dubious bidder makes advance of price.

Verſes to the Memory of Sir JAMES MACDONALD, *Tranſlated from the Latin.*

"Permature death deprived his country of this extraordinary genius and excellent Man."

MACDONALD could a tuneful muſe command,
He touch'd th' harmonious ſtrings with niceſt hand.
For him the rapid torrents ceas'd to flow,
For him the liſtening winds forgot to blow,
For him the birds ſtopp'd their melodious moan,
To hear a muſic, ſweeter than their own,
Such potent charms, his language had to move,
It hung, reſponded by the vocal grove:
Alas! the bard, we've oft with pleaſure heard,
Within a foreign country lies inter'd.

Tranſlation of the HEXAMETER, *deſigned for the Tomb of Mr.* IRVINE, *the famous blind School Maſter of Annan.*

IRVINE, O learning's ſon! thou cou'dſt not ſee!
Yet may we HORACE know as well as thee!
What ſon of THAMES in this ſhall him outſhine?
Or they, of TAGUS, DANUBE, or the RHINE?

DESCRIPTION of the moſt eminent Literary Characters among our Countrymen,—tranſlated from the Latin of Lord HAMPDEN *printed at* PARMA.

MILTON.

GREAT MILTON, you firſt boldly dare unfold
Of Battles never, by the Muſes told,
Though fate ſevere decreed your loſs of ſight,
URANIA gave to you internal light.
To you alone, you firſt of bards! was given,
To range in bright record the wars of Heaven!
The Serpent's wiles, told with deceiving breath,
The taſted apple and ſucceeding death:
This have you done and well perform'd the part,
With HOMER's gravity and VIRGIL's art.

POPE.

NEXT, you O! POPE, fair Science bids us name,
Near your MÆONIDES you rank in fame.
You beſt artificer of ſweeteſt verſe,
You give examples while you rules rehearſe:
When you in manly ſtrains the ſatire write,
Than playful HORACE you ſpeak more polite,
Though ſoft your Muſe, ſhe cuts in every part,
And probes the deep receſſes of the heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

HAIL you great Father of the Engliſh Stage!
Immortal grace of a theatric age!
You like a bird ſang without formal rule
Unlearn'd, unpractis'd in the critic ſchool.
NATURE alone was your great leading ſtar,
You follow'd NATURE, and you could not err.

GARRICK.

GARRICK, chief maſter of the mimic powers,
To fit the voice to circumſtance, was yours.
You of the Drama were a judge ſupreme,
Your Comic writings more augment your fame.

LOCKE.

LOCKE boldly div'd into himſelf to find
How poor th'ideas of the infant mind,
And whence the great variety appears
Which fills the ſoul in our maturer years:
For all the Sciences, with ſenſe profound,
He fix'd the credence and preſcrib'd the bound:
Hear him the reaſoning faculty explain,
Which forms for argument a laſting chain.

FRANKLIN.

ELECTRICITY lay long conceal'd,
FRANKLIN at length important truths reveal'd,
He taught th'ætherial flame in Heavens profound
To pour its force, innoxious, on the ground;
He the conductor form'd to rule the fire,
And made it play along a ſlender wire.

NEWTON.

NEWTON excell'd in energy of mind!
The ornament of all the human kind!
He pois'd the Sun, the parent of the day,
And his ſatellites in juſt array!
He ſhew'd each planet, courſe, and told us all
The regulations of this goodly ball!
The glittering priſm preſented to our ſight,
Which draws all colours from the ſolar light,
At his great name I bow with reverend awe,
Whoſe mighty genius fix'd each optic law.

AD LYRAM.

SALVE quæ fingis, proprio modulamine carmen:
Salve Memnoniam vox imitata Lyram.
Dulce! O divinumque ſonas! ſine pollicis ictu,
Dives naturæ ſimplicis, artis inops:
Talia quæ incultæ dant mella labra puellæ,
Talia ſunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

THE above verſes to the Æolian Harp were given about thirty years ago by a fellow Student at the Univerſity to Dr. DINWIDDIE. *They are here translated at his deſire, and inſcribed to him.*

HAIL Harp from which ſuch modulation floats!
Hail Imitator of Memnonian notes! *
Sweetly thou ſound'ſt, nor fingers aid impart,
Thou rich in Nature and devoid of Art!
Sweet as of harmleſs maids the honied words!
Sweet as the muſic of melodious birds!

* The lute in the hand of the ſtatue of Memnon, would play of itſelf at Sun riſe.

AS it was the intention of Dr. DINWIDDIE *that his remarks on the Æolian Harp ſhould have accompanied the foregoing Ode I here reprint them from the* BENGAL HIRCARRAH *confident they will be highly acceptable to the public, coming from ſuch an excellent Mathematician and celebrated Experimentaliſt.*

J. H.

To the EDITOR *of the* BENGAL HIRCARRAH.

SIR,

AS the Ode to the Æolian Harp, publiſhed in the Hircarrah of the 4th of February 1800, has attracted the attention of ſeveral of your readers, and has produced the only tranſlations of it, into Engliſh, that have yet appeared in public, the following

obſervations on the invention and conſtruction of the inſtrument, which were intended to have accompanied the Ode, may poſſibly ſtill prove acceptable to ſome of your readers.

The celebrated Father Kircher was trying ſome experiments on a Monochord, a muſical inſtrument with one ſtring and a moveable bridge. He had left the inſtrument near a window, which was partly open, and had retired to his deſk to note his obſervations, when all of a ſudden his ears were attracted by the fineſt tones and the ſweeteſt concords he had ever heard. He ſoon diſcovered the tones to proceed from the Monochord, and the *Muſician* to be no other than the wind. Taking the hint, he conſtructed the firſt inſtrument, to which he gave the name of Æolian Harp.—This happened at Rome, about the middle of the ſeventeenth century.

The Æolian Harp may be made of thin well ſeaſoned deal, in form of a *three ſided* box, the ends being right angled triangles and the ſtrings on the broadeſt ſide. The length two and a half or three feet. This however, ſhould be determined by the breadth of the window, in which the inſtrument is to be placed. The ſtrings may be made of any material uſed for other muſical inſtruments. I have always found a ſmall ſized ſmooth catgut to anſwer beſt. The number need not exceed four. For when more than three or four ſtrings ſound together, which very rarely happens, there ariſes a confuſion of tones which hurts much the effect. Indeed the fineſt tones and moſt delicious concords proceed from a *ſingle ſtring*.

The inſtrument may be tuned different ways. Uniſon is perhaps the beſt.—It is remarkable that though two ſtrings ſhould be tuned in uniſon, and by the moſt delicate ear, yet the Secondary tones, or ſimilar concords of theſe ſtrings will ſeldom or never be in uniſon.—The open built houſes of warm climates are but ill adapted to this inſtrument, which never performs ſo well as in a ſmall cloſe room with a great fire—It is ſingular that the Æolian Harp cannot be made to act by an *artificial* current of air. I have tried bellows of various conſtructions and even a large Winnowing machine, or Fanners as it is called, which produced a current of air ſufficient to embrace the whole length of the ſtrings, but without effect.

It is a very extraordinary fact in the doctrine of ſound, that a ſtring ſhould vibrate, not only through its whole length, and thereby produce a fundamental or baſe note, but that, at the ſame time, it ſhould be reſolved into certain aliquot parts, producing by their vibrations, all the moſt perfect concords.—The Theory of theſe Secondary tones has ſufficiently puzzled all our writers on the elements of muſick.—Rameau, Bernouilli, D'Alambert, Euler, Smith, and many others, have applied their great talents to this inveſtigation, without however having left any thing *perfectly concluſive* on the ſubject—The moſt ingenious Theory of Secondary, as well as of ſympathetic and harmonic tones, was publiſhed ſome years ago by Doctor Matthew Young, of Trinity College, Dublin. To this Work I take the liberty of refering ſuch of your muſical readers as may chuſe to amuſe themſelves with this curious ſubject.

Yours, &c.

KOOLBAH, 31*ſt May*, 1800. J. D'

MOBARUCK UL MULK,

A POEM,

Inſcribed to the Ladies of India.

OBSERVATION.

GHOLAUM KHADIR, *the ſon of* ZABDA KHAN, *was expelled from parental preſence, on account of his enormities—The preſent Emperor took him under his protection, and at length created him* AMEER UL OMRAH; *notwithſtanding the high obligations he owed the Monarch, after a ſeries of leading events, he entered the Imperial Reſidence in arms, cut out the King's eyes, and treated the young Princes with the moſt degrading indignities. Not ſtopping there, he violated the forbidden receſſes of the Zenana, that higheſt inſult to an ennobled Muſſulman, and even preſumed to intrude on the Imperial Ladies, but the lovely* MOBARUCK UL MULK, *the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed of the Royal Daughters, he endeavoured to ſooth into a ſubmiſſion with his will. She, driven to deſpair, drew a concealed poinard, and buried it in her boſom—This latter circumſtance furniſhed the hint for the annexed Poem.*

HOW many Heroes of eternal fame,
In DELHI liv'd, when DELHI was a name!
O BABER, ACKBER, mighty chiefs! O come,
Nor be all glory to immortal ROME!

STOP! and is glory but to man confin'd?
Yes, ſurely, glory burns in womankind.
Young ROME may juſtly boaſt her chaſte LUCRECE,
And zealous Matrons raiſe the name of GREECE;
But modern ſtory can with ancient vie,
As well in honour as in infamy,

Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verſe,
Proud—ſhould your roſy lips my name rehearſe.

WHERE the MOGUL's once ponderous ſceptre ſtood,
When DELHI ſmil'd on JUMNA's holy flood,
SHAH ALLUM reigns—a ſecond PRIAM he,
His counterpart in kingly miſery;
Both broke with ſorrows—bow'd with weight of years,
Both truly venerable, with ſilver hairs;
Both doom'd alike—ſo Heaven's ſevere decree,
Their kingdom's fall and children's end to ſee.
Where Chiefs have blaz'd in deeds of blood expert,
A ſubtle ſtateſman ſapp'd this Sovereign's heart,
SEJANUS-like, he graſp'd at power too high,
SEJANUS-like, behold the villain die;
Who try to tear, may a like fate arreſt!
Virtue's fair flowers from woman's lovely breaſt.

HEAR me, ye Fair! a pleas'd attention bring,
While of a blameleſs princely maid I ſing.
Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verſe,
Proud—ſhould your roſy lips my name rehearſe.

RAIS'D from a cypher by th' Imperial hand,
To ſplendour, dignity and high command;
Was GHOLAUM KHADIR—firſt unknown to fame,
AMEER UL OMRAH laſt—a mighty name—
Yet never could one kind idea move,
His ſtubborn ſoul to humanizing love,
Nor moral ties, nor duty e'er could bind,
A merc'leſs heart, ſo cruelly unkind:
Yes! his accurſed hands, in brutal whim,
Dar'd cut thoſe eyes which pity beam'd on him,

O Heaven! dar'd give the light-depriving wound, *
And ſtrike his ſceptr'd maſter to the ground.
A dreadful fact (impearl it with your tears)
A youth thus racking age of ſeventy years!
But more he dar'd—he gave the ſhameful word,
To force the ſoft Zenana with the ſword,
Expos'd the golden rooms to vulgar ſight,
The ſecret ſeats of exquiſite delight;
Sacred to Love, and Love's entrancing powers,
Where the tir'd Monarch paſs'd repoſing hours.
From theſe receſſes torn by ruffians rude,
Mobaruck, you a lovely victim ſtood,
A baſhful virgin, trembling and afraid,
In ſnowy robes of innocence array'd.
Of all the daughters of th' Imperial race,
She far outſhone in comelineſs of face.
The throbbing loves in her ſoft boſom rov'd,
And when ſhe mov'd, th'attendant Graces mov'd:
Sweet offspring of the Sun! our eyes adore
Thy various beauties, but thy virtues more.

As ſhe was forward brought, the ſavage gaz'd,
At ſuch a form of ſymmetry amaz'd,
And for a moment, as he ſilent view'd,
Some trills of feeling trembled through his blood;
With innate rage ſoon from himſelf he ſhook
The tender thought—the ſcarcely ſoften'd look,
And dar'd to touch, with paſſion rudely warm,
The royal robe which veil'd her lovely form.

* Auguſt, Saturday 10th, 1788, the Emperor was deprived of ſight.

O race of TIMUR! how could hands profane,
On your exalted perſons fix a ſtain?

IN her ſoft breaſt contending paſſions roll'd,
Inſpiring honour made the Virgin bold.
"Sooner," ſhe cry'd "Eternal Power believe,
"I'll ſpotleſs die, than e'er polluted live;
"Sooner in floods of gore, the friendly knife,
"Shall terminate my yet unblemiſh'd life;
"As ſoon would Heaven the love of right forego,
"As I on earth the leaſt diſhonour know."
With ſuch immortal ſentiments impreſs'd,
She plung'd the murderous poinard in her breaſt!
Will not the cauſe her name from death retrieve?
While Virtue's name's rever'd, her name ſhall live.

SAY, GREECE and ROME, if ever ye beheld,
This Maid in lofty fortitude excell'd.
Was ever one with higher glory fir'd!
Was ever one with purer thoughts inſpir'd!
By you, ſweet PAINTING! be the ſtory told,
Let us on canvas the great deed behold:
PAINTING! ſweet Nymph, this fact thy power invokes,
The Virgin bleeding!—and the monſter's looks.

JUST Heaven, or ſoon, or late, will always pour,
On man's unrighteous head deſtruction's ſhower;
KHADIR at length, check'd in his black career,
Meets a dread end, yet ſcarcely too ſevere.
Behold this premier ruffian of his age,
The ſport of children in an iron cage!
So was the captive BAJAZET erſt view'd,
By the great Father of the TIMUR blood,

Nor did you warlike SCINDIA, deem complete,
The vengeance due to villanies ſo great;
Till the deſpoiler lay, no more to riſe,
With hands and feet cut off, and ſightleſs eyes!
Think you on this, whoſe wiſh your power exceeds,
When mad ambition fires to daring deeds.

O HEAVENS! how bright the pearls of Virtue ſhine,
Out-blazing diamonds from GOLCONDA's mine.
Virtue! the ſource of bliſs, of boundleſs worth—
The lamp of reaſon on th' enlighten'd earth.
May it, while Woman is, for ever reſt,
On the ſoft convex of her heaving breaſt,
Be ſuch it's place till reverend time expires,
While Man, proud Man, beholds it and admires!

YE charming Fair! for whom the Lyre I ſtrung,
Ye all accompliſh'd beautiful and young!
Say, may a Bard once ſmil'd on in the Weſt,
Aſk Favour's Myrtle in your ſofter Eaſt?
The pleaſing gift his penſive Muſe demands,
Gift doubly ſweet, if given by your fair hands.
Read this, ye Fair! for whom I write the verſe,
And let your roſy lips my name rehearſe!

THE ART
OF
LIVING IN INDIA.

"*Catch the manners living as they riſe.*"

NO more ſhall tragic ſtories * fill our rhymes.
Come turn and look at life in ſofter climes;
In EASTERN INDIA'S realm purſue the route,
Where paſſions burn within, and Suns without.

AH! charming land of pageantry and eaſe,
Where every luxury conſpires to pleaſe;
Where every want, at Pomp's ſupreme command,
ANTICIPATION fills with ſervile hand;
Where vaſſals tremble at a maſter's frown;
Where we for ever loll on beds of down.

FROM ENGLAND now and *Engliſh life* afar,
Let ASIAN manners only be your care;
Now the fatigues of ſtormy ſeas are o'er;
And now the tedious voyage palls no more;
CALCUTTA, lo! as LONDON o'er the THAME,
Lifts her high head above old HOUGLY'S ſtream:
There, NOVICE, fix your reſidence, and try
To ſcan the paſſing ſcene with curious eye;
The motley maſs of various life diſcern,
And put in practice quickly what you learn.

FIRST, if you mean to gain a due reſpect,
(And what ſo terrible as cold neglect!)

* Alluding to the foregoing Poem of Mobaruck ul Mulk.

Let eight trim bearers uniformly dreſs'd,
Attend your palanquin of modern taſte;
Fly at a call, and bring you here and there
To laugh and chatter—God knows what or where.
In vulgar eyes a palanquin has charms,
But on the ſhining ſides emblaze your arms,
This elegant convenience firſt procure,
Before you thruſt your noſe without the door.

Let a long train, obſequious at a call,
Attend in order round your ſpacious hall;
At breakfaſt ſeated, let the ſhining plate,
Arrang'd with ſplendour, indicate your ſtate;
For taſte ſuperior, gracious Heaven invoke,
And learn that faſhionable art—*to ſmoke!*
The breakfaſt ended, on a couch reclin'd,
The grateful hoqqu will relax the mind;
'Tis then the crouching ſlaves our orders take,
Before they know what we're about to ſpeak;
But if ſome low born creditor ſhould come,
Be ſure give orders then, *you're not at home.*

A thing more odious there can never be,
A craving creditor deteſt to ſee;
(Though horrid ſights, yet ſtill more pleaſing far
The poiſonous ſnakes and bloody tigers are)
Should one intrude himſelf before your ſight,
Then make him promiſes, which break at night.
Howe'er unpleaſing ſuch diſguſtful folk,
Yet we may deign to give them *civil talk.*

In 'kill time viſits' paſs away the noon,
And 'chit chat parties' never leave too ſoon:
Hear how they talk of politics, and how
The news of the confederate armies go;
Or rather with the laughing Ladies play,
And ſpend in fiddle faddle half the day.

Will you, O Youth, admiring ſuch, diſdain
To beat the ſpacious round of Learning's plain,
And cull no knowledge from the fruitful ſtore,
Nor to inſtructive books devote one hour?
Now ſee with Jones where Art and Science lies;
Now view th' enamel'd flowers with Hardwicke's eyes!
Lamented Jones, his race of glory o'er,
With ſilver ſounds will charm the world no more!
For him young Cama flew from realms above;
For him the Gopia left their Matran grove!
Peruſe his page—A fount of mental gain,
All his immortal works *for you* remain;
Or will you, like the beau monde gentry, ſay,
'The path is rough, and troubleſome the way.'

Perhaps bewitching cards give more delight,
That ſweeteſt paſtime for a Winter's night;
If they to tedious hours relief afford,
Then with your ivory counters ſtrew the board,
Genteely o'er the green cloth'd table play,
'Till the Fort's thundering gun announces day.

Can you thus far your fierce deſire command,
To let no frequent bottle fill your hand?
Can you in converſe many an evening paſs,
And give few kiſſes to the ſyren glaſs?

In colder climates liquor ſtupifies,
But *here* from wine the raging furies riſe!
Ah! ſhun the copious draught, for lo! beneath
The oft fill'd rummer, lies that robber Death.

And ſtill, O Death! for you I'll tune the ſong,
Here let not the *too wealthy* live *too long*,
O'er men grown grey mid lacks exert your powers,
With your hard hammer down with them by ſcores,
And were they all my very deareſt couſins,
I think that Colonels ſhould fall off by dozens.

Go learn,—for why ſhould I the tale unfold
Of 'ways and means' to ſtore your bags with gold;
Perhaps ſome angry beau, your friends among,
Would blame th' exceſſive freedom of my tongue;
Perhaps ſome reprehender would accuſe,
Th' informing ſtories of the tell-tale muſe.

No piercing probe can remedy impart,
Should once corruption's canker catch your heart;
If public love is loſt in love of ſelf,
You're only biaſs'd then by luſt of pelf;
On Hastings think—a perſecuted name,
Of England now the glory and *the ſhame*;
Impeach'd obſerve th' illuſtrious Stateſman ſtand,
Even though he prov'd 'the ſaviour of the land.'
He of our gratitude ſad proof appears,
Purſu'd by Law for *nine* oppreſſive years;
He held the ſceptre firm mid factious ſtriſe,
Secur'd us kingdoms—and we ſought his life:
Columbus thus a golden world beſtow'd,
And thus Iberia made him kiſs the rod;

Thus his great name for ever muſt remain,
A laſting monument of ſhame to SPAIN!

SHOULD e'er PROMOTION in an happy hour,
Exalt you near the pinnacle of Power,
Goddeſs ador'd! ſhould her almighty hand,
Advance you to ſome lucrative command,
Ah! be no niggard then, no purſes ſpare
Nor hoard up treaſures for a worthleſs heir,
Enjoy yourſelf, for fleeting are the hours,
And Death arreſts us oft from pleaſure's bowers!

PROMOTION! ſource of everlaſting mirth,
Belov'd by all the men of all the earth,
The jarring race of man, O courted Power!
In ſweeteſt uniſon thy name adore.
Before thee TURKS and PAGANS bend the knee!
Before thee PARTY's factious bands agree!
HINDOO and CATHOLIC will kiſs thy ſhrine!
Ev'n the proud PROTESTANT ſtyles thee divine!
POWER of Powers! may thy benignant face
For ever ſmile on the poetic race!
And ah! hereafter, may they never feel
The pangs of poverty, for holy zeal!
Enthuſiaſtic men! protect each bard,
And be thy golden gifts their bright reward:
Poets themſelves, in patriot ſpirit free,
Poets themſelves, have deign'd to bow to thee!

WHEN you PROMOTION's courted ſmiles have won,
When ſhe pronounces you her darling ſon,
Her future riſing ſon—when countleſs ſtores,
Shall daily fall to you in golden ſhowers,

Will you in turn your generous heart expand,
Nor ſtore her favours with a niggard hand?
Go, glare in pride of dreſs, and be you then
The pink of faſhion for inferior men.
With ſplendid pomp embelliſh your abodes,
Bright as VALHALLA ſhines in Runic odes,
Your every room, as orient as the morn,
With PATNA's gilded furniture adorn;
Your walls let ſmooth reflecting mirrors line,
Spend till you ſay 'what houſe can vie with mine?'
Give me, O Power! but money to command,
I'd ſhine the paragon of Indian land:
What curls I'd wear—what powder—what perfume—
I'd ſtench VESPASIAN * from my dreſſing room,
What dangling roſes on my ſhoes ſhould reſt!
What an enormous pin adorn my breaſt!
WANTONIA's leering picture there ſhould lie,
And the huge miniature charm every eye!
Two watches—yes!—they're pretty to the ſight;
Should one go wrong, the other may be right:
I'd ſhine ſuperior even above the proud,
And be diſtinguiſhable from the croud!

SINCE now you baſk in Fortune's ſunny ray,
Give, give, your rolling gold to ſee the day,
Not like THE GRIPING SET *who ſave and ſpare,*
To periſh wretched in cold northern air.
When'er your *eaſy* miſtreſs goes abroad,
Then let the pomp of FLAVIUS fill the road;

* The Emperor Veſpaſian deprived a gentleman of his office who came into the preſence highly perfumed, declaring he would rather he had ſtunk of garlic.

Let ſix chubdars your ſilver ſticks diſplay,
And ſhading punkas mitigate the day;
Let emeralds ſet, her ſlender wriſts enfold,
And all her purfled veſtments ſhine with gold:
Let her, ah! let her thus genteely ride,
While, as ſhe comes, we ſtarers ſneak aſide.

When ſhe's at home (how dear the thoughts of home)
Keep her ſecluded in a ſeperate dome
Conſcious to love and the ſoft hours of joy,
Let her mid fragrant oils the noon employ;
Let her there, wrapp'd in robes of coſtly lawn,
Enjoy the ſweets of aromatic pawn,
While ſervile da,ees, in flowing cloth array'd,
By turns attend, and fan your charming maid.
Yes, yes, ye Gods, ſure ſuch is earthly bliſs,
'What would I give to be the Lord of this!'

So black-ey'd Houri, clad in robes of light,
Softly adminiſter ſupreme delight;
So they entrance one in the bliſsful hour,
In the receſſes of their ſecret bower!

Suppose I gently whiſper in your ear,
(Think not the friendly monitor ſevere)
To keep in bounds; for, where there's many a call,
Preſumptuous creditors might ruin all.

Let no bold youth, with English warmth elate,
If he deſires to ſhun poetic hate,
E'er by inſulting words dare to debaſe,
What Lady Prudery calls 'an half bred-race';

Elſe will th' avenging bard, their champion, riſe,
And whirl him headlong to the nether ſkies.
Illiberal man, if you my ire inflame,
I'll damn to late eternity your name!
Know, I can trace, in long ſucceſſion run,
Their high born lineage from the ſacred Sun.
Oft have they charm'd me on the flowery plain,
And often may they charm mine eyes again!
Even *here*, * where CHARITY has rear'd the dome,
To give unguarded Innocence an home,
Where balmy air my ſickly breaſt inhales,
Sweet as amomum, in theſe ſcented gales,
Perhaps our eyes ſome maidens might behold,
With all the virtues in their ſofter mould.
Perhaps ſome young ELIZA here may lie,
With ſhape of ſymmetry and ſleepy eye,
Perhaps the virgin's modeſt cheeks adown,
The roſy tincture forces through the brown:
If ſuch there is, O, ye! with fortune gay,
Lead forth th' alluring Orphan into day!
My auburn beauties, let all virtuous arts,
Tune the fine fibres of your tender hearts;
Let love of purity your ſouls inſpire,
And nobler bards for you ſhall ſtrike the lyre!

YE ſhapely Nymphs, who form my pleaſing theme!
Ye, born where GANGA rolls her hallow'd ſtream,
Accept theſe numbers, written with ſpirit free,
I love your INDIA and your INDIA me!

* Howrah, where this Poem was written.

THUS I've ſelected, with a *Judgement nice*,
Inſtructive leſſons of oblique advice;
Be your attention to the Muſe inclin'd,
And print them on the tablet of your mind.

THE BATTLE OF BEETORAH,

Inſcribed to Captain THOMAS HARDWICKE.

THIS battle, in which the Robillas were defeated, was fought near Beetorah, between them, under Gholaum Mahomed, and the Company's troops, in behalf of the Vizier Aſoph ul Dowla, on Sunday, the 26th October, 1794.

NOT in thy realms alone, unhappy FRANCE!
Does War with ſanguinary ſteps advance,
Through every clime his powerful influence runs,
We ſee him now rouſe INDIA's ſofter ſons.

WHERE the ROHILLA race, a fertile land,
For fifteen Luſtres held the chief command, *
Where DAOUD KHAN with wandering AFGANS came,
And form'd the State of the ROHILLA name,
There roſe a warlike and adventurous power,
Strangers to fear in peril's awful hour;
Stiff tribes of OMAR's ſect, expert in arms,
Who drove the milder HINDOOS from their farms.
Twice have they tri'd, with innate courage proud,
To ſhake the Muſnud of the PRINCE OF OUDE,
How vain ſuch hopes! th' impenetrable ſhield,
Held up by BRITAIN's arm their force repell'd.
Erſt did they bow on CUTTERA's purple plain,
To conquering CHAMPION, their brave RHAMUT ſlain; †

* Daoud Khan came into Hindoſtan about the year 1720, and from the year 1727 may be dated the firſt important eſtabliſhment of the Rohilla power.

See Forſter and other writers on the Robillas.

† Hafiz Rhamut, the great leader in the firſt Rohilla war, Colonel Champion defeated him beyond Cuttera, near the village of Teſſunah in the deciſive battle of St. George, April 23, 1774.

Even now they mourn in extacy of grief,
Th' improſp'rous battle and their captive Chief.
Inhuman Chief! to gain ſupreme command,
Fraternal blood imbru'd your impious hand;
But ſovereign Juſtice gave the awful word,
And rais'd aloft her interpoſing ſword.
By furious homicides all power's defy'd,
Even Asoph's dar'd, with Britons at his ſide!

For You, the bard will battles paſt rehearſe,
And form the record in hiſtoric verſe,
That day, in arms, he trod the ſmoaking plain,
But wept, when lay, like hecatombs, the ſlain!
Know, Verse and Feeling are not far apart,
There's nothing ſofter—BUT A VIRGIN'S HEART.
To Love and War in every poliſh'd clime,
The harp's attemper'd by the ſons of rhyme.

Imagination! turn your eagle eyes,
Beyond where Breilly's ſpiry towers ariſe—
Breilly, who heard th' alarm with pallid look,
While all her temples to their baſis ſhook.

How loud the noiſy Naggars bet to arms,
As the grim warriour tribes advanc'd in ſwarms;
We, Britons, ſaw th' imbodied horſemen join
On either flank their thick embattled line;
Gholaum himſelf, intrepid Chief, appear'd,
Aſſuring conqueſt and a meet reward.
On yonder elephant he goes, behold,
Where the bright ſcarlet ſhines emboſs'd with gold!
His tiſſu'd veſtments glare as he rides on!
His lofty Houda glitters in the Sun!

With confidence of victory impreſs'd,
His enterprizing bands he thus addreſs'd:
"Let us from INDIA yonder men efface,
"Nor ſpare a ſoul of their deteſted race.
"Yon alien race, which now your eyes explore,
"Youths! laid your fathers in their ſmoaking gore!
"Once by their arms our martial bands were ſlain,
"A feaſt for vultures on the reeking plain.
"Let big revenge now every boſom fire,
"The old who wail'd a Friend, or young a Sire.
"The Prophet wills—I here his will impart,
"I feel his holy impulſe at my heart.
"Regain the glory loſt on CUTTERA's day,
"Let your avenging ſwords the BRITISH ſlay—
"Bring the diſſever'd heads—there ſhall be told
"For every head a recompence in gold. *
"ROHILLAS! think on the ROHILLA name,
"And raiſe this day a monument of fame!"
They all by one conſenting buzz reply,
And raiſe an hundred ſtandards to the ſky.

WHO can forget that memorable day,
Both armies met in terrible array,
GHOLAUM commenc'd the fight—his cannons roar'd—
But harmleſs fire on our battalions pour'd.

* The Rohillas, having had an army treble in number to that of the Engliſh, were confident of victory. As an encouragement to ſlaughter the Europeans in particular Gholaum Mahommed had promiſed two gold mohurs for every "Feeringy head," which accounts for their taking away the heads. This circumſtance was afterwards confirmed to me by ſeveral Rohillas who fought on that day againſt the Engliſh.

On the road to Rampore a Rohilla who died of his wounds was found under a tree with the heads of two Europeans beſide him, nor did the pangs of death make him quit his prize for their hair was firmly twiſted round his fingers.

The ſignal given—we mov'd in firm advance,
And dar'd the ſabre's edge and murderous lance.
The armies clos'd—what carnage then was view'd!
The field of battle ſoon a field of blood!
What conquer'd foes in ſtreaming gore were laid!
How groan'd the dying and how fell the dead!
O'erpower'd at length we ſaw their dire defeat—
And mark'd them ſeeking ſafety in retreat.

But ſtill the men of Rohilcund may claim,
Intrepid men, the honours of a name;
None better know, from peaſant to the lord,
To dart the ſhining lance or wield the ſword.
High beat your boſoms with courageous zeal!
High glow your paſſions for the commonweal!
Who fell, though conquer'd in their ſlow retreat,
Would have, in glory's cauſe, fell truly great.

Hardwicke! when war ſhall ceaſe, and war's alarms,
And the contending Powers lay down their arms,
When ſmiling Peace ſhall raiſe an olive wand,
And ſign the treaty with her ſnowy hand,
Will you an hour from favourite ſtudies ſpare,
To think of battles paſt, and read of war?
To You the Muſe this tuneful tribute pays,
To You ſhe looks, ambitious of your praiſe.
But may ſhe ne'er intrude upon that hour,
You wiſh to give to philoſophic lore!
Nor when the families in green have caught,
Arrang'd by claſſes, your attentive thought:
Nor when the birds whoſe plumage beauteous ſhine,
Or curious foſſils from the myſtic mine,

Or glittering inſects from the ſhady wood,
Or finny natives from the ſilver flood,
Are ſent by friends to your judicious view,
As NATURE, ſmiling, ſhews herſelf to YOU.
The virtuous man to harmleſs ſtudy given,
Enjoys ſuch mental bliſs as ſeems an Heaven!

Written in the Camp at Puttah,
November 26th, 1794.

THE VANITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Written in imitation of SWIFT.

"'TIS true we talk of friendſhip much,
"But who are they who can keep touch?"
Thus ſung HIBERNIA's patriot Dean,
In Satire's energetic ſtrain,
The ſtory we have now in view,
Will prove his obſervation true.

Seventeen hundred pound a year,
Made *Jack* to all the country dear;
Of it no ſtingy niggard, as
His ſtarving predeceſſor was,
Who left behind him what he ſtor'd
Of gold—the God that he ador'd,
But *Jack*, Sir, liv'd a different way,
Amid the youthful and the gay,
He'd friends to come to him and dine—
To prodigally drink his wine—

To ſpend the tedious paſſing hours,
In coſtly pleaſure's roſeate bowers,
To take all from him they could get,
To make him pay their tavern debt,
To give advice in private ends,
In ſhort—who had ſo many friends?

But now, alas, the time had come,
When *Jack* muſt loſe his ſtately home,
When he had run in debt, to have
Th' expenſive ſuppers which he gave,
When he conſum'd his whole eſtate,
That fame might ſound him goodly great,
At length the Sheriff, keepers laid
On houſe, until his debts were paid.

Now let me think, ſays *Jack*, on gentry,
Who'll give me diet and my rent free,
There is Samuel, James, and John,
Generous Conſtantine and Mun,
Whoſe numerous friendly actions ſhew'd,
Their tempers hoſpitably good,
Whoſe ſoft benignity will grant,
What my neceſſity may want;
With them I'll ſcreen from Law's turmoils,
'Till fortune, more propitious, ſmiles.

His caſe to Samuel firſt he told—
Him Samuel cordially condol'd,
But coſtly aid he could not give,
Yet ſeem'd from teeth to greatly grieve,

When *Jack* ſaw his diſſembling mode,
He curs'd the gifts he ill beſtow'd,
And hied to James's to ſojourn;
But ſupplication meets with ſcorn,
He rapp'd at door—ſent up his name,
The ſervant with this anſwer came,
"My Maſter ſays, he does not know you,
"Permit me the hall door to ſhew you,"
Thus baffled and abus'd by two,
He went to John and told his wo,
But John, Sir, with a bow polite,
Exclaim'd his houſe was robb'd laſt night,
And was it not for that he would
Repay the compliments he ow'd.

Jack ſtung with diſappointment's pain,
At this unmerited diſdain,
From thoſe he nearly rais'd from want,
Cry'd, 'Could I former deeds recant,
'I'd chooſe with more judicious ken,
'My friends mid leſs deſigning men.'

Wrap'd in ſuch thoughts, which woes augment,
To generous Conſtantine he went,
Who ſaid his wife was brought to bed,
The Doctor's fee was not yet paid,
The houſe rent was a heavy debt,
And money he could no where get.

Then quick to Mun he bent his way,
And told the Fates ſevere decree,

Impell'd by Law's auſtere command,
Which Poverty cannot withſtand,
To quit in an inferior garb,
(Profuſion's ſure and juſt reward)
A patrimonial pleaſant ſeat,
His wealthy anceſtor's eſtate,
And O! if hap'ly he would glad,
A boſom miſerably ſad,
Even with that cheering ray of hope,
Which might the preſent anguiſh ſtop,
He'd pray that to him ſhould be given,
Tranſcendent joys—the gifts of Heaven.

Mun quick replies—" My deareſt *Jack*,
" You know the trouble on my back,
" You know Lord Love by paſſion led,
" Debas'd defil'd my nuptial bed,
" But when I damages recover,
" I'll pay your friendſhip doubly over."

Poor *Jack* when he had try'd each friend,
And found none who'd aſſiſtance lend,
Return'd with ſorrow in his heart,
Which now felt Penury's galling ſmart,
Scarce was he in, when noiſe at door,
Made him his dreadful caſe deplore,
He thought 'twas Bailiffs him to take—
But O! how pleaſing the miſtake,
A letter with the glad account,
He'd got a prize to the amount,
Of twice five thouſand ſterling pound,
Which he might draw from Lottery fund.

His *friends* came the ſucceeding day,
Reſpects and compliments to pay,
And even to lend the wanted caſh,
(They're ſorry now they were ſo raſh)
Says *Jack* (who with juſt paſſion burn'd)
" Avaunt! by me you're ever ſcorn'd,
" You vile diſſembling hypocrites!
" You mean deceitful paraſites!
" I cheriſh'd you far worſe than fiends,
" And thought you were my deareſt friends,
" Too late I ſee my ſad miſtake,
" Experience muſt true wiſdom make,
" 'Tis it will teach to juſtly ſcan
" The temper of diſſembling man.
" Of friends, I thought I'd ſuch a ſtore,
" 'T would Fabius tire to name them o'er, *
" But now I plainly ſee, alas,
" True friendſhip neither is nor was."

The foregoing Poem is founded on a fact which happened in the City of DUBLIN. *It is one of my earlieſt efforts at Poetry, having been written and publiſhed during my fifteenth year. The lines on Erudition, which follow in the next page, are a later attempt, but alſo a very juvenile performance.*

IMITATION.

*——Adeo ſunt multa loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. HOR.

ERUDITION A POEM.

ATTRACTING daughter of refined Taſte,
Before whoſe ſeat I bow'd my willing knee,
When ſcarce my prattling tongue could liſp the love,
Due to my Mother's tenderneſs, and when
The name of child was chang'd for that of boy,
Fair ERUDITION, thy alluring charms
Awake to harmony the trembling lyre!

I NOR invoke the HELICONIAN Maids,
Nor bright APOLLO to inſpire my lay;
But thou whoſe ſweet neglected charms I ſing,
Say wilt thou lead thy votary to thy bower?

THOUGH nurtur'd in the poliſh'd ſchool of GREECE,
Divine thy origin, Immortal Maid!
How bright the morning of thy life appear'd
Thy GRECIAN offſpring tells ſucceeding ages,
But when thy tender ſoul at War's alarms,
Affrighted ſhudder'd, to imperial ROME;
Thou fled'ſt and hid'ſt thyſelf in MARO's breaſt,
While great AUGUSTUS with a lover's love,
Woo'd thy attracting charms and in the bower
Of peaceful olive gave thee ſweet repoſe,
Then in thy ſportive HORACE did'ſt thou pleaſe
And laugh'dſt th' AUSONIAN nation into ſenſe;
Then eaſy NASO with melodious ſtrains,
Charm'd the refining LOVES of GREECE to ROME,
O ſeat of all the humanizing arts;
Where SALLUST, LIVY and chaſte PLUTARCH ſhone,
But when corruption ſoften'd ITALY,
Affrighted LEARNING droop'd her ſickly head;

At length by SCANDINAVIAN fury driven
To dull oblivion's unillumin'd dome,
In a monaſtic gloom ſhe lay conceal'd
Till ſumptuous LEO fill'd the papal chair;
Then VIDA roſe and on his mitred head
Th' illuſtrious MEDICI their bounty ſhower'd,
When ALBION's glory with freſh luſtre ſhone
Beneath the auſpice of the maiden queen,
Then Nature's ſweeteſt child pour'd forth his verſe
And Wiſdom's darling ſon in BACON roſe:
But ſoon, with grief, in a luxurious court
We ſee thee laugh'd at by voluptuous CHARLES,
Patron of Lewdneſs, in his wanton reign
Impure obſcenity was ſenſe and wit.
Licentious *Rochester*, in Fortune's ſmiles,
Propitious baſk'd, while men of brilliant parts,
Enjoy'd not kingly ſmiles—Smiles ever due
To Wit's immortal ſons by mighty kings!
Did BUTLER, Humour's child fall through neglect!
Did OTWAY faint with hunger's gnawing pangs!
The bard of pathos he—Did he know want!
Did tuneful DRYDEN merely write for bread
Who ſhew'd the majeſty of ENGLISH verſe.
O painful retroſpect—ſuch ſcenes no more
Shall reſt a ſtigma on a future reign.

NEXT, ERUDITION, next the happy days,
I joyous trace when pureſt incenſe burn'd
Upon thy holy ſhrine—Then ANNA reign'd!
A conſtellation luminouſly bright,
The golden hours with glory's rays adorn'd
Then NEWTON traverſed the heavenly ſpheres,

And metaphyſick Locke unfolded man,
Then did chaſte Addison diſplay the charms
Of Heaven born Virtue and her white rob'd train
Then lived thy Swift, who ſhew'd the wondrous power
Of innate genius to the admiring world:
Thou wert then, by thy Pope's immortal hand,
Crown'd with the laurel and the myrtle wreath,
While round thy throne unnumber'd votaries preſs,
(Yet no Hiſtorian in the ſacred band)
To lay their ſplendid offerings at thy feet,
Thou ſmil'dſt, they ſmil'd—each th' others ſmile enjoy'd.

The Sun of Learning on the preſent day *
Benignly ſmiles—Though Erudition mourns,
Her Johnson gone, yet Hayley's lofty page,
Inſtructs th' unſkilful in the finer arts,
And taught *even me* in thick Bæotian air
To make a feeble ſtep in Glory's road.

Here Filial Love inſpires a grateful verſe,
To a departed Father's ſilent ſhade,
Sad Recollection, weeping, ſtrikes her harp!
Her harp—to ſorrow's deepeſt note attun'd!
Behold the roſy boy—the riſing youth,
Enjoy his aged ſmiles—indulgent ſmiles,
While dimpled pleaſure ſits upon his cheek,
His wrinkled cheek and lo! his hoary locks
They ſhake with joy—Hear his inſtructive voice,
Lay down juſt maxims for the future man.
O dear departed Sire look down from Heaven,
And keep thy guardian ſight ſtill o'er thy ſon.

* This Poem was written in Ireland immediately after the death of Doctor Johnſon.

Inſtruct him how to tread the better path
And reverence Virtue even in ſavage climes.
The ſeed thou planted'ſt, with a careful hand,
It's youthful produce by thy longing eyes,
Was ne'er beheld—above the level bed,
Thou ſaw'ſt it ſpring, but never ſaw'ſt its flowers!
The cruel hand of death deſpoil'd my youth
Of that important watch—Paternal care;
No guide had I to teach me how to ſteer,
Save ERUDITION's philoſophic page.

SWEET Nymph, how much I owe thy ſoothing power,
Thy ſilent ſoothing power—to me more dear,
Than all the trifling follies of the Ball,
The gay parade—the foppery of dreſs,
The full decanter of inflaming wine,
The table deck'd with finery of FRANCE,
Beſpread wirh cards—mere womaniſh delight;
Even all the joys Invention's ſports can give,
Are nought compar'd to that which thou afford'ſt.

IN the ſtill hours when o'er the ſilent Heaven,
A veil is ſpread by ſable hooded night,
Thou bring'ſt the heroes of the world to view,
And what an ALEXANDER was mak'ſt known—
A SCIPIO what—Imperial CÆSAR what—
And what a WILLIAM on the banks of BOYNE—
And what a WOLFE on QUEBEC's fatal plain!
Illuſtrious men by martial glory fir'd,
To more than mortal deeds—I ſee you ſtand
Upon the higheſt pinnacles of Fame,

While ERUDITION with her ſacred pen,
Records your acts for ages yet unborn!

WITH deep concern I view thee, lovely Fair!
Fly from that verdant Iſle which gave me birth,
I breathe a filial ſigh, heartfelt and ſad,
The Iſle of Saints, the voice of Hiſtory tells,
Thou ſmiled'ſt on once, though now thy tender feet,
Can't bear the rugged roughneſs of the ground,
Is there no ſoft alcove to reſt thy limbs
From proud EBLANA's tower to DERRY's ſpire?
A mighty ſpace! and not one altar rais'd,
To her who mends the morals and the mind:
There Vice and ſilky Luxury prevail,
And taint the principles of rich and poor,
Here COMMERCE gently puffs the ſwelling ſails,
And her Divinity's alone ador'd.

LONG has BRITANNIA been thy peaceful home,
Nor GREECE nor ITALY, can boaſt thee now,
Critics there are diſdainful of thy charms,
Nor ſee thy majeſty in BRITISH dreſs,
Unleſs thou com'ſt forth in the like array,
In which thou travelled'ſt with MÆONIDES,
Or if th' AUSONIAN Toga covers thee,
In which thou traverſedeſt o'er MANTUA's plains,
Then only then thou beautiful appear'ſt,
To PARTIALITY's ſhort ſighted ſons.

AND who is PARTIALITY?——A Dame,
Extremely ſtubborn and her neck ſo ſtiff
She cannot turn—and to her ſquinting eyes

Not half the beauties of the world appear,
Fix'd to one little ſpot her conſtant gaze,
Which if ſhe looks beyond, her ſight grows dim.

WIT is ſtill wit, although he changes dreſs,
From white to black—from black to brighteſt red.
So CINCINNATUS when he held the plough,
And ſhone in purple robes was juſt the ſame.

DRESS is a bauble, but by fools admir'd,
And to imperial wit I pay reſpect,
Dreſs'd in blank verſe or in the frize of DONNE,
Or with the charms of ſilver tinkling rhyme.

OR in the Grove of Verſe or Hiſtory's field,
The ſight of lovely ERUDITION charms,
Or when ſhe deigns to walk the ſimple path,
Even then ſhe gives unſpeakable delight;
Content am I to greet the charmer there,
Nor raſhly run too nigh her glittering ſeat,
A glorious, daring, but a dangerous courſe,
Which when acquir'd is everlaſting Fame.

AMATOR AND MARGARETTA,

A TRUE AND AFFECTING LOVE TALE.

——aut Veneris curæ narrantur inanes.
MARC. HIERON. VIDA.

Will ſadly pleaſing tales amuſe thine ears,
The fate of lovers and their fruitleſs cares?

IN JANUARY, 1788, Amator was invited to ſpend an evening at the houſe of a Rector, who lived near a large town in the north of Ireland; on the ſame evening, a young lady, accompanied by her aunt, came to the Doctor's happy reſidence. The young lady's name was Margaretta. After tea, cards were introduced, they played at whiſt, but as the young lady's face engaged Amator's attention more than the cards, he loſt, as may conſequently be expected. He was happy to loſe to ſo ſweet an antagoniſt; at the cloſe of the evening, he left the Rectory houſe with ſenſations ſuch as he had never before experienced.

Amator was very uneaſy, and he could not tell why. The next day he waited on Margaretta's aunt, with whom he had been long intimate, he now moſt ſtudiouſly endeavoured to ingratiate himſelf in the old lady's favour; he ſaw her lovely niece, and ſpoke to her with all the eloquence of eyes. He was timid, and feared to addreſs Margaretta herſelf, at length he avowed his ſentiments to her aunt, who recommended him to wait on her father, and requeſt permiſſion to aſk his daughter's hand.

He waited on her father—he found him in a village of delight ſequeſtered from the hurry and buſtle of the tumultuous world, ſurrounded by three charming daughters, as beautiful as Summer! In the ſofteſt manner he explained his buſineſs. Mr.——— gave him all

the ſatisfaction which the moſt ardent ſuitor could have expected at a firſt interview; ſo far he thought himſelf ſucceſsful.

Many days of timid courtſhip elapſed, before Amator had the courage to fully explain himſelf to Margaretta, although ſhe had been long ſenſible of the affection which he entertained for her, yet ſhe ſeemed not to know it; however after deliberating, he grew bold, and in a tremulous voice avowed himſelf her lover.

Margaretta was coldly polite, ſhe gave him no ſatisfactory anſwer —thus ſhe continued for ſeveral days.

As Amator had now become an intimate in the family, he aſked her ſiſter Fanny, if ſhe could aſſign any reaſon for Margaretta's frigid conduct. 'Yes,' ſays Fanny, 'I will communicate the reaſon to you.'

'The year preceding your acquaintance with Margaretta, ſhe went on a party of pleaſure to the delightful town of Ballyſhannon. It was there at the aſſembly rooms, ſhe firſt attracted the notice of Lieutenant Power, an accompliſhed young gentleman of good family. Lieutenant Power made propoſals of marriage to her; ſhe equally delighted with her lover, favourably received his addreſſes, and the ſanction of my father only was wanting to complete the deſired eſpouſals.

'Shortly after, the Regiment to which Lieutenant Power was attached was ordered to ſome of the ſettlements in America; Margaretta only awaits his return, ſo for you to think any more of her, is in vain.'

Amator became very penſive on hearing of her pre-engagement, and acquainted her next day, he had come to the knowledge of it.

'Yes,' ſays ſhe, 'it is true, I was ſeveral times about to tell you, but I always found a repugnance to do it. However I now declare I love you—I feel for you—I pity you—but I can never be your's; yet I

will give you my ſiſter Fanny, and ſhe is far more beautiful than myſelf.'

Amator heard her—he gazed at her—he was ſilent—for he had loſt the power of utterance!

A letter now arrived, which brought the melancholy account of the demiſe of Lieutenant Power; he was ſcalped by the American ſavages, and afterward put to a cruel death.

On the receipt of this letter, in the firſt tranſports of grief, Margaretta took his picture, gift of himſelf, which ſhe until now had ever kept concealed in her boſom, and with ſtreaming eyes beſtowed on it ten thouſand kiſſes; when ſhe became a little calm, and the violence of her paſſion had ſubſided, ſhe kneeled, preſſing the picture to her heart, then ſuddenly extending her hands to Heaven, ſhe in the moſt ſolemn manner, vowed eternal Virginity for the ſake of HENRY POWER!

Here ſhe fainted away!

And here Amator fell into ſtrong convulſions!

To this fatal vow does Amator owe the variation of a life which might have been ſpent in happy contentment. To this fatal vow does he owe all the ſorrows which embittered his ſucceeding years!

I ſhall here tranſcribe from Amator's pocket book, the character of Margaretta, which he had then written, when warm in love.

'The perſon of Margaretta is exquiſitely fine; ſhe was caſt in one of Nature's ſofteſt moulds, and ſhews a model of perfect ſymmetry;—her deportment is as ſtately as her looks graceful; nurtured in the refined ſchool of elegant life, the Graces attend her command, and play around her lovely perſon; ſhe is miſtreſs of all accompliſhments, which in ſplendid ſociety attract the gay, the witty, and polite; her converſation is ſprightly and faſcinating and they who enjoy her com-

pany once, wiſh ſincerely to ſee her again.'

Perhaps, Margaretta! had you never exiſted, Amator would never have ſeen India. No!—This tale of Truth would never have been told to the groves of Asia! India certainly affords a good aſylum for thoſe unfortunate young men, whom their own imprudence may have led into difficulties, or whom profligacy and inconſideration may have hurried to ſhame the virtues which only lie dormant in their boſoms. Amator, born and educated in opulent ſplendour, and nurſed in the velvet cradle of indulgence, was led thither by his own extreme folly. Perhaps Heaven by inſcrutable ways, which the feeble comprehenſion cannot fathom, is guiding a ſeries of ſucceſſive incidents to terminate in future felicities. I do not preſume to juſtify miſconduct, but whenever I deliberately reflect, I inſenſibly fall into a train of moralizing ideas.

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